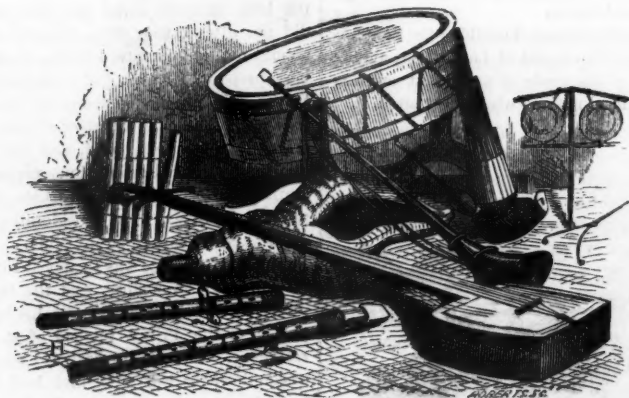


THE LADY'S Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1857.



JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

WHEN our countrymen undertake a thing, they generally, to use a colloquial expression, *put it through*. To open a free commercial intercourse with Japan, was a problem which had defied the utmost exertions of the European nations to solve, and they had given it up. Some American seamen having been shipwrecked on the coast of Japan, and detained by the government, the attention of our authorities was drawn to the subject, and it was decided to teach the Japanese a lesson in the comity of nations. Hence the world-renowned expedition, of which the record is before us.*

* Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas, and Japan, performed in the years 1852, 1853, and 1854, under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry, U. S. N., by order of the Government of the United States. Compiled from the original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his Officers, at his request and under his supervision, by Francis L. Hawks, D. D. LL. D. With numerous illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row. 1856.

The volume commences with an excellent general history of Japan, and a complete account of the country, its manners, customs and institutions, including notices of the abortive attempts of the English, Dutch, and other European nations, to open a commercial intercourse with the country. From this account we have no difficulty in discovering the great internal weakness of the country, arising from a system of laws so complicated and arbitrary, as to be nearly equivalent to that system of *caste* in India which has made that country an easy prey to every invader, from Alexander the Great to Clive. The Japanese are conscious of this internal weakness—the attempt of Catholic missionaries in former times to revolutionize the government, though defeated, increased this consciousness; and hence their jealous exclusion of foreigners from the country.

Commodore Perry had studied the character and institutions of Japan; and had decided, in his own mind, that an exhibition of vast ma-

terial force in his fleet, and a judicious union of firmness and kindness in his intercourse with the authorities, would secure such a commercial treaty as was desired. The result fully justified his opinion. He accomplished every object he had in view.

The Narrative of the Expedition is very copious, being enriched with numerous details of the manners, customs, and general aspect of all the countries and islands visited by the squadron in the East Indies and the China Seas, the most interesting of which relate to China, Lew Chew and Japan.

The following extract, describing the Commodore's visit to the regent of Lew Chew, affords a specimen of his mode of treatment towards the half-civilised nations whom he visited.



FISHERMAN OF LEW CHEW.

"The determination of the Commodore to return the visit of the regent, at the palace, and nowhere else, had been seemingly acquiesced in by the Lew Chew dignitary; but, in truth, he had but yielded to a necessity. The Commodore had power to carry out his determination, and the regent deemed it most prudent to concur, with the semblance of politeness, in that which he could not prevent.

"This, however, did not induce that functionary and his subordinate officers to spare their efforts in the attempt to escape the much dreaded visit to the palace. Accordingly, they resorted to divers devices and stratagems, too clumsy, however, to be deemed either ingenious or cunning. In the first place they begged that the Commodore would return the visit at Napha instead of Shui; then the effort was

made to entrap the commander into a meeting with the regent, which would have been considered a return of the latter's visit. In pursuance of this scheme, the mayor of Napha made a great feast, some days before that named by the Commodore for his visit, and invited him to be present, with the intention of having the regent attend and preside. The invitation was politely declined, on the ground that the store-ship, *Caprice*, was about to be dispatched on the appointed day to Shanghai, and the Commodore would necessarily be occupied. When the Lew Chewans found that the Commodore did not attend, they were determined that he should not, at any rate, lose the feast that had been prepared for him, and accordingly sent off to the ship numerous dishes of the intended banquet. These, as a matter of courtesy, were allowed to come on board, and very soon the quarter-deck exhibited various preparations of poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruits. The Commodore, however, from considerations of policy, thought it best to be invisible.

"The next device was to appeal to the humanity of the Commodore, and the request was preferred that he would make his visit to the palace of the Prince instead of at the royal residence. The reason assigned was, that the queen dowager was sick, and had been for a year, in consequence of the shock received on the visit of a British naval officer, who persisted in entering the royal residence, to present a letter from Lord Palmerston to the Lew Chew government; and it was intimated that a repetition of such desecration of the palace would add to the malady of the queen, if, indeed, it did not produce a fatal termination.

"The Commodore, who did not believe one word of the queen dowager's illness, and who was quite convinced, also, that all this manoeuvring and trickery was designed merely to satisfy the spies kept about the Lew Chewans by the Japanese government, replied to this affecting appeal, that it was his duty to go where an officer of the Queen of England had been before him to have an audience; and that, if the queen dowager did not see fit to remove to the palace of her son during his intended visit, he thought that the pageantry, music, &c., attending it (purely peaceful) might divert her mind, and tend rather to amuse her; while, if she wished, his learned physicians, who would accompany him, would be most happy to exercise their skill for her benefit, and assist in restoring her to health.

"At last, all devices having utterly failed to move the Commodore from his purpose, the day

came which he had designated for his visit to the regent. It was matter of policy to make a show of it, and hence some extra pains were taken to offer an imposing spectacle. The day opened cloudily with a brisk wind stirring, and did not at first seem to promise a propitious season; but after a morning shower the sky came out bright and blue, and until evening the aspect of nature was as fresh and beautiful as could have been desired.

"The hour of departure had been fixed at 9 o'clock. Presently the signal was made from the flag-ship, and all the boats of the other ships pushed off at the same time, and as they pulled to the land presented a very lively appearance. The point selected for landing was the little village of Tumai, about two miles from the palace of Shui. After all the other boats had gone, the Commodore set out in his barge, and on his arrival the marines were found, under arms, and in line, under a grove of trees by the road-side, near the landing. Groups of officers in uniform were gathered in little knots under the shade of the trees; the boats' crews rested on their oars, looking with interest on the proceedings, while the natives to the number of hundreds (many of them of the better class) stood around, evidently not a little moved and excited by the scene before them.

"The Commodore, with the captain of the fleet and Commanders Buchanan, Lee and Walker, then passed down the line of the marines and artillerymen, when the procession was immediately formed. First came two field-pieces, under the command of Lieutenant Bent, each having above it the American ensign, and immediately preceded by the master of the *Susquehanna*, (Mr. Bennet,) with Mr. Williams and Dr. Bettelheim, the interpreters. Next followed the band of the Mississippi with a company of marines, under command of Major Zeilin. The Commodore followed then in a sedan chair, which had been manufactured for the nonce, by the carpenter on board the ship. It was emphatically a dignified vehicle, as became the occasion, large and stately, deeply indebted to paint and putty, not quite as polished as a turnout from Newark or Longacre, but, on the whole, decidedly a feature in the procession, though its hangings of red and blue were not of the finest. At all events, it was the most imposing sedan the Lew Chewans ever saw. It was borne by eight Chinese coolies, four relieving each other alternately. On each side of it marched a marine as body guard, while a handsome boy had been selected as a

page, who, with a Chinese steward, were the immediate personal attendants.

"Captain Adams, Lieutenant Contee, and Mr. Perry, followed the sedan. Next appeared six coolies bearing the presents designed for the prince and queen dowager, and guarded by a file of marines. Then came the officers of the expedition, headed by Captains Buchanan, Lee, and Sinclair, followed by their servants. Next were the band of the *Susquehanna*, and a company of marines closed the procession, which in numbers amounted to some two hundred or more.

"The whole procession was well arranged and picturesque in effect; while the beauty of the day, the verdure of the hills and fields, and the cheerful music of the bands, gave life and spirit to the occasion. The natives clustered thickly on the sides of the road to gaze on the glittering novelty, while crowds of them hung in the rear of the cortege. They did not manifest the smallest apprehension, notwithstanding the presence of the marines under arms, and evidently were pleasantly excited by the spectacle before them. When the procession passed through any narrow lane the natives nearest to them knelt, the rank behind stooped down, and the rear remained erect, that all might have an opportunity of seeing. Very soon the procession emerged from the village, and came out upon the open undulating country south of Shui. The picture here was perfect. The fields of upland rice were 'gracefully bending like waves before the wind; the groves and hill-sides were dark with the deep-green foliage, so suggestive of cool shady retreats, while, in the distance, the roof-tops of Shui, glittering in the sun, revealed, here and there, a spot of dazzling brightness amid the thick, leafy covering of the trees in which the city was embosomed. Under clumps of the Lew Chew pine the pleased natives were gathered in groups, while others might be seen running along the ridges that divided the rice fields, that they might head the procession, and thus gain another view; while over all the music from the bands floated far around, and added to the pleasurable excitement of the march. As the procession ascended the hill of Shui, the officers and men, who had been so long confined to the monotony of ship-board life, gazed around with delight, perfectly charmed with the rich cultivated landscape that stretched away to the southward and westward."

The account of the entertainment and subsequent proceedings at the interview, is too long for insertion in the Magazine. The following

remarks do no more than strict justice to Commodore Perry.

"By half-past two, the whole procession was again on board the ships, without any accident or untoward incident having occurred to mar either the pleasure or success of the trip; and thus ended the grand official visit to the palace. It was a judicious determination on the part of the Commodore to make it; and having announced such determination to the Lew Chewans, it was especially wise to carry it through to the letter. The moral influence produced by such a steadfast adherence to his avowed purpose very soon exhibited itself. It was part of the Commodore's deliberately formed plan, in all his intercourse with these orientals, to

consider carefully before he announced his resolution to do any act; but, having announced it, he soon taught them to know that he would do precisely what he had said he would. To this single circumstance much of his success is to be attributed. He never deceived them by any falsehood, nor ever gave them reason to suppose that his purpose could be altered by their lies and stratagems. They, of course, saw at once that he was resolute, and that it was dangerous to trifle with him. His whole diplomatic policy was simply to stick to the truth in everything—to mean just what he said, and do just what he promised. Of course, it triumphed over a system which admitted of no truth, but for purposes of deception."



BAMBOO VILLAGE, LEW CHEW.

The following account of the Japanese town of Hakodadi will be found interesting from its details of Japanese life:

"The buildings in Hakodadi are mostly of one story, with attics of varying heights. The upper part occasionally forms a commodious apartment, but is ordinarily merely a dark cockloft for the storage of goods and lumber, or the lodging of servants. The height of the roof is seldom more than twenty-five feet from the ground. They slope down from the top, projecting with their eaves beyond the wall, are supported by joints and tie-beams, and are mostly covered with small wooden shingles of about the size of the hand. These shingles are fastened by means of pegs made of bamboo, or kept in their places by long slips of board, which have large rows of cobble stone put upon them to prevent their removal. The stones are, however, said to have the additional advantage of hastening the melting of the snow, which during the winter season is quite abundant at Hakodadi. The gable ends, as in Dutch houses, face towards the street, and the

roofs projecting to some distance, serve as a covering and a shade to the doors. All the roofs of the houses in front are topped with what at first was supposed to be a curious chimney wrapped in straw, but which upon examination turned out to be a tub, protected by its straw envelope from the effects of the weather, and kept constantly filled with water, to be sprinkled upon the shingled roof, in case of fire, by means of a broom, which is always deposited at hand, to be ready in an emergency. The people would seem to be very anxious on the score of fires, from the precautions taken against them. In addition to the tubs on the tops of the houses, there are wooden cisterns arranged along the streets, and engines kept in constant readiness. These latter have very much the general construction of our own, but are deficient in that important part of the apparatus, an air chamber, and consequently they throw the water, not with a continuous stream, but in short, quick jets. Fire alarms, made of a thick piece of plank, hung on posts at the corners of the streets, and protected by

a small roofing, which are struck by the watchman, in case of a fire breaking out, showed the anxious fears of the inhabitants, and the charred timbers and ruins still remaining where a hundred houses had stood but a few months before, proved the necessity of the most careful precautions.

"A few of the better houses and the temples are neatly roofed with brown earthen tiles, laid in gutter form. The poorer people are forced to content themselves with mere thatched hovels, the thatch of which is often overgrown with a fertile crop of vegetables and grass, the seeds of which have been deposited by vagrant crows. The walls of the buildings are generally constructed of pine boards, fastened lengthwise, with a layer inside and out, to the framework, which is jointed with admirable skill. The boards in front and rear are made to slide horizontally in grooves like shutters. At night they are barred fast, and in the daytime entirely removed, to allow of the light to pass freely through the paper screens behind them. As in Simoda, the roofs project beyond the walls of the house, and serve as a shelter, in front for the display of goods, and in the rear for the carrying on of various domestic operations. The Japanese wood-work is never painted, although in the interior of the house it is occasionally varnished or oiled; the buildings consequently have a mean and thriftless look. In the wintry, moist climate of Hakodadi, the effect of weather upon the unpainted pine boards was strikingly apparent, causing them to contract, mould and rot, so that the whole town had a more rusty, ruined appearance than its age should indicate.

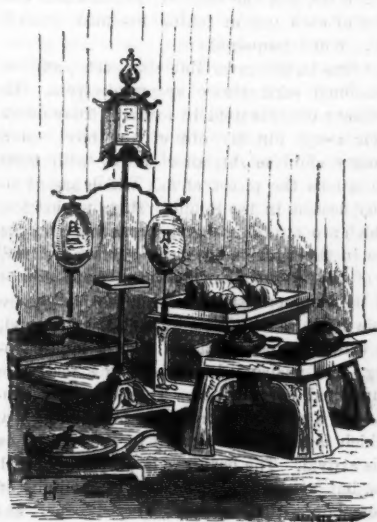
"Previous to building a house the ground is beaten smooth, and the floor is raised about two feet above it, leaving a space in front and by one of the sides, which serves for a path to the rear, and a place to store heavy goods, as the roof projects over and protects it from the weather.

"In the shops the whole front is often taken out to display their contents, but in the dwellings and the mechanics' establishments, there is usually a barred lattice of bamboo to hide the inmates from passing observation. Each house has a charm placed over the lintel or door-post, consisting of the picture of a god, a printed prayer or a paper inscribed with some complicated characters, designed to protect the dwelling from fire or any other calamity.

"The raised floor, which covers nearly the whole area of the house, is covered with white mats made soft and thick by being lined at the

bottom with straw. These are very neatly woven and bound with cloth, and are all of the uniform size prescribed by law, being three feet by six, and placed in rows upon the floor so neatly as to have the appearance of one piece. Upon these mats the people sit to take their meals, to sell their wares, to smoke their pipes, to converse with their friends, and lie down at night without undressing themselves to go to sleep, adding, however, a quilted mat for a cover, and the equivocal comfort of a hard box for a pillow. The houses are generally lighted, as has been frequently observed, with windows of oiled paper, though mica and shells are occasionally used instead.

"The interior of the house is plain and simple in arrangement, but always scrupulously neat and clean. There are in some of the better mansions occasional wood carvings of exquisite workmanship, though not very elaborate in design. The paper windows and sliding screens which divide the apartments are often adorned with paintings of landscape and birds. In addition to the panels, the walls of the room are frequently hung with gaily painted paper, which, being arranged as rolling maps are with us, is movable at pleasure. The stork, or crane, a bird held sacred by the Japanese, and the winged tortoise, and the porpoise, or dolphin of the ancients, are favorite designs in all these decorations, whether of wood carving or painting, in the various buildings.

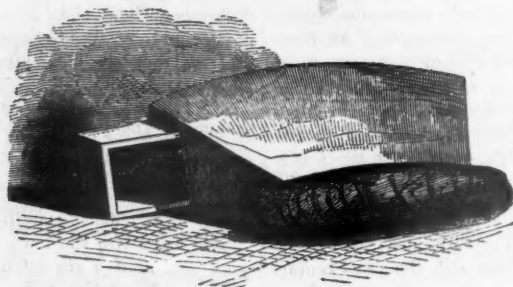


JAPANESE FURNITURE.

"The furniture of a Japanese house is particularly meagre, consisting invariably of nothing but the floor mats and the household utensils, which are few and simple. As squatting, not sitting, is almost the invariable practice, there seems no occasion for chairs, although they are sometimes found, and invariably supplied on state occasions. These are clumsy contrivances, with coarse leather seats, and a framework like that of the common camp stool, which is readily folded up when not used. At the conferences with the authorities, the subordinate officers, both American and Japanese, were seated on sedans or benches covered with a red crape, while the Commodore and the highest native dignitaries were honored with stools, which occasionally had the comfortable

addition of arms and backs to them. The national posture of all classes, however, in Japan, when at rest, is crouching either upon the knees, or on the haunches with their legs crossed. The latter is common among the lower class, and is pronounced decidedly vulgar by the fashionables, who invariably assume the former.

"Tables are not generally used, but on the occasion of the public entertainments given to the American officers, the narrow red crape-covered benches were appropriated for the spread of the feast, the dishes being raised to the proper height for the guest by means of the ordinary lacquered stands of a foot in height and fourteen inches square. The Japanese eat from these raised trays while squatting upon



JAPANESE CUSHION.

their mats, and the unsocial practice thus obtains of each person taking his food by himself. Some lacquered cups, bowls, and porcelain vessels, the invariable chopsticks, and an occasional earthenware spoon, comprise the ordinary utensils used in eating. They drink their soups directly out of the bowl, as a hungry child might, after seizing with their chopsticks the pieces of fish which are generally floating in the liquid. Their tea-kettles, which are always at hand simmering over the fire in the kitchen, are made of bronze, silver, or of the fire-proof earthenware. In the centre of the common sitting room there is a square hole built in with tiles and filled with sand, in which a charcoal fire is always kept burning, and suspended above is the tea-kettle supported by a tripod. There is thus constantly a supply of hot water for making tea, which is invariably handed to the visitor on his arrival. The beverage is prepared as with us, but very weak. The cup is generally of porcelain, with a wooden lacquered cover. The tea is not ordinarily sweetened, though at Ha-

kodadi sugar was often used. The better houses are warmed, but very imperfectly, by metal braziers placed on lacquered stands containing burning charcoal, which are moved readily from room to room as they may be required. In the cottages of the poor, there being but little ventilation from their contracted size, and no places of issue for the smoke, the burning charcoal in the fixed central fireplaces becomes a great nuisance. In the more pretentious establishments, where there is plenty of space and holes in the roof or in the walls for the escape of smoke, while the charcoal is not brought in until perfectly ignited, this mode of heating the apartments is more endurable. At Hakodadi the people seemed to suffer a great deal from the wintry weather, the poorer classes kept much within doors, huddled about their meagre fires in their hovels, which, without chimneys, and with but a scant light from the paper windows, were exceedingly cold, gloomy, and comfortless. The richer people strove to make themselves more comfortable by enveloping their bodies in a succession

of warm robes, but succeeded indifferently, as they were constantly complaining of the severity of the weather.

"It is by the charcoal fires in the centre of the sitting apartment that the water for tea is boiled, the saki heated, and sundry small dishes cooked; but in the larger establishments there is a kitchen besides, where the family cooking is got up. This is generally provided with a stove, like an ordinary French cooking apparatus, in which wood is often burned, but this is an article they are very economical in using.

"Connected with most of the dwellings in Hakodadi there is a yard, in which there are out-houses used for kitchens or stables. There is also frequently a garden where vegetables in small quantities are raised, flowers cultivated, and shade-trees and ornamental shrubs planted. Some of the leading men of the place have handsome residences upon elevated situations, a little back of the town. Their houses are of ordinary construction, but much larger in dimensions. The superior wealth and luxurious tastes of their proprietors are shown chiefly in the handsome gardens and pleasure grounds. These are tastefully planted with fruit and shade-trees, and bounded with green hedges, while beds of variegated flowers contrast their bright hues with the green verdure of the foliage and the lawns of grass. There seems, in the high fences which guard from the eyes of the passer-by the sight of these luxurious delights, a desire for that privacy which betokens a love of retirement and a fastidious appreciation of the reserved comforts of home.

"As in Simoda, there are large fire-proof warehouses, used for the storage of valuable goods. They are built with a great deal more care than the ordinary shops and other buildings, and have walls two feet thick, made of

dried mud and cobbles, and faced with stone, while their roofs are securely constructed of earthen tiles. These warehouses are generally two stories in height, the upper one having window shutters of wood sheathed with iron. Their exterior is sometimes covered with a coat of fine plaster, which, with their substantial structure, gives them a neatness and solidity of aspect which contrasts greatly with the flimsy stained look of the ordinary houses. They are probably depots for the storage of goods which belong to the government, and are kept with great care and guarded watchfully.

"The shops in Hakodadi generally contain such goods as are of a cheap sort, and adapted to the restricted wants of a poor population. The stock is made up of a miscellaneous assortment of coarse, thick cottons, inferior silks, common earthen and China ware, lacquered bowls, cups, stands and chopsticks, cheap cutlery, and ready-made clothing. Furs, leather, felted cloths, glass-ware, or copper articles, are rarely seen, nor are books and stationery very common. The provision shops contain rice, wheat, barley, pulse, dried fish, seaweed, salt, sugar, saki, soy, charcoal, sweet potatoes, flour, and other less necessary articles, and all apparently in abundant quantities. There is no public market in the town, as neither beef, pork nor mutton are eaten, and very little poultry. Vegetables, and a preparation made of beans and rice flour, which has the consistency and appearance of cheese, are hawked about the streets, and form a considerable portion of the diet of the people. The signs of the shops, in accordance with the general practice in Japan, are inscribed on the paper windows and doors, in various well-known devices and cyphers, either in Chinese or Japanese characters. The shopmen were at first very shy, and showed but little disposition to sell



JAPANESE WRITING IMPLEMENTS.

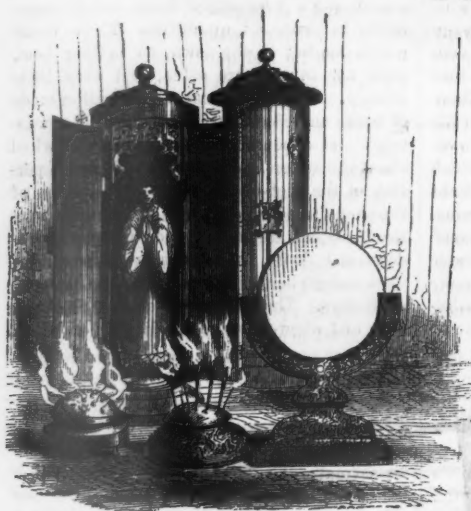
their goods to the Americans; but when they became somewhat more familiar with the strangers, the characteristic eagerness of tradesmen developed itself to the full, and the Hakodadi merchants showed themselves as clever at their business as any Chatham street or

Bowery salesman with us. They hustled about the raised platform upon which they were perched, pulled out the drawers arranged on the walls, and displayed their goods to the greatest advantage when they thought there was a chance of catching the eye or pleasing the taste of a passing American. They were always very jealous, however, of their prerogatives, and were exceedingly annoyed if any of their purchasers stepped upon the platform, which was their trading sanctum, and as carefully guarded against intrusion as the 'behind the counter' of a New York shopman. The purchaser ordinarily stood under the roof, on the ground, in the space which intervened between the sidewalk and the elevated shop floor. Some of the more impatient and intrusive Yankees, however, would occasionally spring up, and pulling out the goods, handle them very unceremoniously, not, however, without a serious protest on the part of the sellers, who sometimes were so annoyed that official complaints were made by them to the authorities. The shopkeepers had always a fixed price for their goods, and all attempts to beat them down

were useless, and generally rebuked by an expression of displeasure.

"There are four large Buddhist temples in Hakodadi, one of which, called the Zhiogen-zhi, or the country's protector, is a good specimen of Japanese architecture. It was built by the townspeople about twenty years since, and is kept in excellent repair. The tiled roof rises fully sixty feet from the ground, and is supported by an intricate arrangement of girders, posts, and tie-beams, resting upon large lacquered pillars. This temple is one of the most conspicuous objects seen when entering the harbor. The principal apartment in the interior is elaborately carved and richly gilded. The carving and sculpture about the altar, the niches, and cornices, are of wood and brass, and show very skilful workmanship. The designs are dragons, phenixes, cranes, tortoises, and other subjects associated with the religious worship of Buddha. The main floor is elevated six feet above the ground, and covered, as usual with thick mats. There are three separate shrines, each containing an image, the one in the nave being the largest and most highly adorned. A sort of architrave descends between the pillars, so

contrived that, with the aid of folding screens, the shrines may be readily partitioned off. There are six priests attached to the establishment, and their quarters and those which are provided for visitors are models of neatness and cleanliness. The temples in Japan, as in China, are often used for places of concourse or entertainment, and on such occasions the altars and shrines are covered or removed, which so changes the aspect of the interior that no one would suspect that he was in a house of worship. On the visit of the American squadron one of the temples was appropriated for a bazaar—a worldly use that the ecclesiastics, so far from objecting to, highly approved of, as it added considerably to their revenue, the rent of the apartments being their perquisite on the occasion."



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

THE TRUE MAN.

For him the spring
Distills her dews, and from the silken germ
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch

With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. —[AKENSIDE.]

THE TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY ALMA GREY.

"WELL, what is it, bright eyes?"

"Why, mother?"

"Why, I see your little head is busy about something. I should like to know what it is."

"How funny, mother, you always guess me out."

"Well, what is it, Jenny?"

"Why, nothing; only to-day, mamma, at recess, we were talking about vacation and Thanksgiving, and the good time we were going to have—the new things for winter, and the goodies, and so on; and I noticed that Sarah Weaver didn't say anything, but looked as if she was just going to cry; and when Anna Barker asked her what she was going to have, she didn't look up for a minute, and then she said—'I do not know as anything—I don't know as we shall even have any Thanksgiving.' Just then the bell rang, and I saw her lip quiver as she turned to her seat. You know her mother is real poor, and is not very well. Jane says that they used to live better than they do now, and that Mrs. Weaver never knew want or sorrow till within a few years. I suppose she cannot get Sarah and Nellie new clothes very often, though I should think they must have something this winter. Their clothes now are the same they were last winter, and then they were thin and scanty."

"Is that all?"

"No. Anna and Mary Burbank and I have been trying to think if we couldn't help something towards a Thanksgiving for them. Not much, to be sure, but then a little would make poor Sarah thankful, I know—and she is such a dear, good girl, mamma."

"Well, what does my little, heart-full girl purpose doing?" asked Mrs. Washburn, smiling.

"I do not quite know, mamma, but Mary Burbank says her mother will let her give Sarah her flannel cloak that she has a little out-grown; it will be large enough for Sarah; and Anna Barker is going to ask her father to let her take some raisins and sugar out of his shop to carry to them. Then Lodie Nelson said she had twenty cents that her mother gave her for chores that she did last week, and she would buy a piece of calico to make Nellie a new apron. But I do not quite know what to do. I haven't any money, and my old dresses

and things you will want to 'make down' for Clare and Bessie. If I had eight cents I could buy some yarn and knit some mittens. I know she hasn't got any, and then, mamma, I thought perhaps you would let me carry Mrs. Weaver a pie or something. I could carry her some milk, at any rate."

"Well, I must say, Jenny, you have laid quite a pretty little plot for three such mad-caps as you are. I will certainly try to help you."

"O, will you, mamma! How? I knew you would!" exclaimed Jenny, delightedly. "Mamma, what will you do?"

"I will think about it at present. That is all I can do now. But I will contrive something."

"'Contrive!' I'll warrant you are contriving something. I never saw another such a mother (or wife either,) to find ways and means, or rather make them, when there are none!" and a third person, with a very loving expression, though withal a sad one, shut the door which he had quietly opened a minute before, and so overheard the planners. "I wish you would help me contrive again, Mary," said he, as he took the chair Jenny had jumped from, and drawn to the fire for him.

"Why, papa, who ever thought of your being in hearing?"

"Why, didn't you want me to hear? There, the bell rings, puss; 'tis time for you to be at school;" and in a second Jenny was away, leaving her father and mother in silence, which was unbroken for several minutes. Mrs. W.'s face had taken on an anxious expression, which her quick eye had caught from her husband, and full of fears, she sat gathering, or trying to gather, strength to meet his discouragement. She knew that they were poor, and that he was several hundred dollars in debt, and had been for several years, and she rightly conjectured that something relating thereto had brought the shade to her husband's usually cheerful brow.

"Mr. Penley wants that money, Mary, and I don't know where I am to get it."

"I feared so. Is it due?"

"Yes, to-day; and I have failed of selling that lot of hay I hoped would pay him, and I don't know where to go. Hay and corn are

both very low, and what I hoped would pay all my debts this year will not pay one-third. Mary, I do not know what we are going to do. I have been going behindhand for the last three years; every year pinches me up closer, and I believe I am growing discouraged. It sickens me to see you toiling early and late, and scanting yourself and children of comforts which you earn ten times over, and which you ought to have for nothing, and I am ashamed to come and tell you how poor we are—still, I can go nowhere else. I even look forward to the time when all I have shall pass out of my hands."

"O, no, no, no, husband, do not say so! Has not Providence always provided for us when the way was dark? If we still 'labor and pray,' and act according to the best of our judgment, I *know* the way will be made plain to us. We have enough, twice told, to pay our debts, haven't we?"

"Yes, if it were salable, but it is not, and will not be for a long time to come, and, meantime, my interest is accumulating. I must find something to meet Penley's demand—and can, I suppose, by taking what I had laid by for your need and the children's for the winter. But that I shall not do, for I could not replace it."

"Is that all? Why, then, husband, take it, by all means. I am surprised you should hesitate. Do you not know I dread nothing so much as debt, nothing discourages me so much."

"I know that full well, but I do not think it right that you should miss what you so much need. I know that you have, for the last three—four years, done what I never saw any other woman do, and that is—dress better, more becomingly, than any body else, upon one quarter that suffices, or does not suffice to make my neighbors' wives and daughters presentable."

Mrs. W. blushed her appreciation of this compliment, and answered:

"Let me try my skill again, then. How much had you laid by for me? You know last winter we should have paid one hundred dollars if we had not had so much sickness. We did pay *that*."

"Yes, I know; but not on the old debts. I was not expecting that bill. I paid it, be sure, and I hope to pay half as much this year, besides sixty dollars for you and the children."

"You must pay more than that. Sixty dollars for me. Let me see—a set of furs, twenty dollars. Aunt Mary has given me her great

muff, which, I think, will make me a comfortable cape, and I have pieces of the same kind of fur, that will make cuffs. Call that twenty dollars yours, Wilton. Then a cloak, fifteen dollars; I can find a piece of thibet (laid by till I had forgotten it,) which will, brushed up and pressed over, make me a large cape, and I have some old velvet trimmings that are not half worn, that will trim it good as new. I shall want a bit of silk and wadding for lining, and I shall be obliged to have a dress—call that five. My bonnet has already been dressed and trimmed over. I shall need nothing more."

Mr. Washburn looked at her face, ten times happier that if she had just learned that she was to be adorned for the winter in "silk and purple," and wondered whether she was a sister to the rest of womankind or not; but he said nothing, except—

"But the children."

"Yes. Jenny will need one new dress at least. I can do well enough for Clare and Bessie with making down. I can make a pretty cloak for Jenny out of a discarded dress of my own, and—oh, some way, dear Wilton. Only you take fifty dollars of the sixty, and I will do with ten."

"I wonder what you think of yourself, Mary," said the voice of Aunt Mary, who had came in unnoticed, and sat quietly during this colloquy. "If I was in *your* place, I would take what money I could get, for you need it bad enough. I could tell Wilton twenty of your own needs that you have never mentioned."

"Why, Aunt Mary! How can you!"

"How can I! I say it provokes me to see you work and slave as you do, and then pinch yourself down to the smallest possible amount that you can do with, to help Wilton. The men don't know anything about a woman's needs, or her self-denials, either."

"I believe that is true, Aunt Mary; and I felt as if I were wrong in listening to you, sweet wife, but you always—"

"Now, Wilton—Aunt Mary, I forbid you uttering one remonstrance, for in this thing I shall do as I please. I shall *not* use that fifty dollars."

"You'd better take the whole, Wilton," muttered Aunt Mary. "Ten chances to one she doesn't give half of that ten away. It would be just like her."

"She may do what she pleases. I am not afraid to trust her," said the husband.

"In all probability I shall spend a part of it in the pleasure of giving; I call that one of

my needs. I have read somewhere, Wilton, that "giving does not impoverish;" and yet again, that "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Wilton, I have sometimes felt that we were too little in the habit of considering those poorer than ourselves. I fear we have withheld "more than was meet," oftentimes, and that it *has* "tended to poverty."

"O, nonsense," muttered Aunt Mary, flinging herself out of the room.

"Poor Aunt Mary," laughed Mrs. W.; "I dare say she will go straight and hunt out something of her cast-off clothing to help me carry out my plans. She has a kind heart, after all, when she finds her fretting does no good."

"But, Mary——"

Just then a knock was heard, and Mr. Washburn went out. Mrs. W. dropped her work, and laid her head on the table with an anxious heart, which she had not shown her husband. She was, in reality, anxious those debts should be paid, and that speedily, for she felt that neither of them could work to any purpose while the disheartening incubus lay upon them.

"Mother," said little Sarah Weaver, "do you suppose everybody is really thankful when Thanksgiving Day comes, whether they have everything they want or not?"

"Ah, my darling! you are thinking of your poor, little, worn shoes, and your worn shawl. We must not forget that we have very much to thank our Heavenly Father for, if our wants are not all supplied. Providence is very, very good to us, and I hope we shall be very far from unthankful to-day. If you will bring some more chips, I will make breakfast ready soon, and we shall have some time to read before we go to church. I have got a pie and a piece of cheese for our dinner, so we will not mind if we do have to eat potatoes Thanksgiving morning. Run along, and I will call Nellie up."

"O, mother, how cold my fingers are. I wish I could have some mittens this winter. I know I can't, be sure, and 'tis no matter," she added, as she saw a grieved look on her mother's face. "Do not mind, mamma," she said, "I was only thinking how the rest of the girls are all having their new winter things ready for Thanksgiving. I can put my hands under my shawl, so. Hark—I heard a knock."

The door opened, and a boy entered, bringing a basket, which he deposited on the floor, and then going out, returned with a box, which was likewise left on the floor, without a word of comment. Sarah darted forward, and

read upon a card nailed on the cover of the basket—"For Sarah Weaver, from her schoolmates and their mothers—hoping she will have a happy Thanksgiving." The basket was first uncovered, displaying three tempting looking pies. These were soon transferred to the table; and next were pulled out a paper of raisins, a paper of figs, a little box of nuts, a pound of coffee, and two papers of sugar. Then a brace of chickens, a large piece of squash, and a two pound lump of butter. By this time Nellie's bright face had made its appearance. Her eyes opened wide as Sarah sprang towards her, exclaiming: "O, Nellie! do you know how to be thankful? Now we can have a pie for breakfast, and as nice a pudding for dinner as mamma can make, and that is very nice indeed. And see, here at this corner is a nice loaf of cake. O, mamma! it is as good as wedding cake, I dare say, for it looks like it."

Mrs. Weaver's heart was full, but she rejoiced more for the gladness thus brought to the hearts of her young children, than because of a good dinner in prospect, or of wants supplied. The basket rifled of its contents, Sarah's nervous hand fell upon the box, but her mother had to open it, and Nellie uttered a cry of delight as she dragged from the top two pretty blue hoods, on which a card lay, marked in large letters—"Sarah and Nellie, with love of Mary and Isabel Anthony." Next, Mrs. W. drew out a pair of nice warm shoes, marked "Charles Crispin." "O, that is Hannah Crispin's father," said Sarah. "I sit near her, and she knew my shoes were full of holes, for I saw her look at them the other day, and then look at me, and I wondered why, and I could not help crying a little. Now, Nellie, you can have mine, which are too small for me, you know. What is that pretty plaid?" A dress but little worn, which Nellie declared was just what she wanted. The next pull brought one larger, and of different plaid, marked "Sarah, from her dear friend, Jane Burbank," and some pieces of the same rolled out from it. Next came a bundle of calico, marked "Nellie, from Lodie Nelson," and another piece marked "Sarah, from Martha," then a pair of socks, which Nellie forthwith appropriated; and then a nice flannel cloak, with no name, but which Sarah knew must be from Mary Burbank. Then two pairs of nicely knit mittens—then some skeins of yarn; and then came a big package "For Mrs. Weaver, with kind love of Mary Warner." Unrolled, it proved to be a pattern of nice cashmere plaid. "That is

Jenny Washburn's queer Aunt Mary," said Sarah. "Who would have thought such a thing from her!" Underneath the dress was a few yards of flannel, and a two dollar note fastened on it; at the bottom was folded a nice, warm, woollen shawl, marked "*Mrs. Weaver, with kind regards of Mrs. Humphreys,*" and a little basket filled with sugar-plums "*From Lettie Humphreys*" emptied the box. When Sarah took out the last things, she looked up to see her mother crying. She was crying, too, the next moment, in her arms, and Nellie kneeling by her side. When she could speak, Sarah said: "Mother, how wicked I am! A little while ago I felt as if I could not be much thankful to-day, we needed so many things that we could not get—and now it seems as if I never can be thankful enough. I can't tell it; I have to cry it."

"Come Clare, Jenny, Aunt Mary—where are you all? Here is mother, and here is Bessie—and here is Clare. Come! Do not make the turkey wait!"

"They are coming, papa. They just ran over to Mrs. Weaver's to carry a few slices of roast, and some of mamma's nice jelly. Here is Jenny, and I can hear Aunt Mary."

"Yes, here she comes grumbling," said Mr. W. "What is it now, sister? Anybody stepped on you, or bitten you, or anything?"

"Why, Jenny was in such a fever that I had to run, almost, to keep pace with her—that was all," said Aunt Mary, biting her lips to keep down the smile that wanted to come. Aunt Mary was decidedly in her best humor, and the children took advantage of it.

"I'll tell you, papa, a secret, maybe," whispered Clare, loudly. "Auntie has been making Mrs. Weaver a present, and she feels so happy that she has helped her to something to be thankful for, that she has to grumble to hide her own thankfulness." "Auntie" shook her head ominously at the little tale-teller, but that proved only the signal for another fire. "Papa," said little Bessie, as she held her plate for a drumstick, "Auntie Mary made me present, too, to-day."

"Oh, pet! what was it, pray?"

"A nice new dress like Jenny's, and a great, pretty doll."

"Indeed! well, she meant you should be thankful for once; do you suppose you are?"

"Why yes, papa, and so is mamma, too, I guess, for she gave her ever so many yards of warm flannel, and a—"

"Wilton, do stop that child's mouth with

something—a bit of pudding, if nothing else. By the way, have you succeeded in raising the money for Mr. Penley?"

"Sister Mary, I am doubly thankful to-day. I was about to tell you, wife darling, that you have helped me pay two debts that have oppressed me very much. I cannot tell you what a sense of freedom I feel. Yes, I paid Penley last week the one hundred dollars, and this morning the thirty. I am free from him entirely. And then this morning, too, as I was going down to Barker's shop to pay him the remaining twenty that I have owed him so long, something, I hardly know what, prompted me to call at Merrifield's. The first words I heard spoken were, 'I shall give fifteen dollars at the barn, or seventeen delivered at my stable, in Exeter.' I found it was a man buying hay. I entered into conversation with him, and before I came home had bargained to sell him on the mow, one hundred and five dollars worth of hay. He is to take it away immediately, and paid me for it on the spot. I laid the twenty dollars with the one hundred and five, and then hunted out a ten which I had laid by for a coat, making one hundred and thirty-five in all—just the sum I owed John Dayton. I turned about, and on my way home called at his office, and delivered it. So, since last Friday, I have brought my indebtedness down from five hundred and fifty, to two hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"Why, husband," exclaimed Mrs. Washburn, joyfully, "that ought to encourage you! You have, sure, reason to be thankful," and she looked as if she, at least, if nobody else, could say on that Thanksgiving day, "Praise the Lord, O, my soul, for all his benefits." "But I do not understand, Wilton, how I have helped you so much as you have given me credit for."

"Why, Mary, darling, you helped me by your firm, determinate resolution, your contriving, your *making do* this, and *doing without* that. You have helped me by encouraging me, and *luring* me on to trust in Providence, and to 'labor and to pray' when I was half despairing myself. It always helps me to hear you say, 'Find what your duty is, and Providence will do the rest.' It encourages me to work, and also to spare, when I am feeling as if I could not go any farther. Why, I can't tell you exactly *what* the help is, always, but I wish every hard-working man had as much to strengthen and encourage him as I—in your dear mother, Bessie"—and he quickly turned upon the rosy pet at her mother's side. "What

was it? Let us hear it—I saw something in that smile—what was it?"

Bessie raised her blue eyes to her mother's crimsoning face, and then smiling back at her father, "I was thinking, papa, of my morning text."

"Well, and what was it, birdie?"

"Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."

There was silence for a moment, and the clatter of knives and forks almost ceased, as all eyes involuntarily turned to the mother whose praise had been so sweetly spoken; but she had eyes for none. She evidently heard, but she was deep in the mysteries of a "wish-bone" which lay on her plate, and for which little Bessie seemed waiting. Mr. W. added, under breath, and apparently wholly unconscious that anyone heard him, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

Mrs. W. did not venture anything more relating to her husband's affairs, and she looked gratefully at Jenny, who next broke silence with another subject.

"Papa, I wish you could have seen how happy they are to-day at Mrs. Weaver's. They did not say much, but I could see that their hearts were running over with thankfulness. Sarah was just putting the last dish on the table, and Nellie was jumping in and out of a chair, all ready and waiting for dinner. They both came and caught hold of my hands, and kissed me without saying a word. Then Mrs. Weaver called me into her good, motherly arms—and, mamma, she was at work upon some of that very flannel that you sent her, so I know she needed it very much, or she wouldn't have cut it out so soon. O, mamma! I am so glad, so happy!"

"Why, Jenny, it seems as if you are just learning *how* to be thankful. Did you know before what it meant?"

"No, mamma, nothing at all, but I know now, and I shall always remember, I think. It seems as if everything conspires, to-day, to make me thankful and happy."

"And I should think mamma was happy too, only the tears come," said little Bess. "Mamma, what makes you almost cry?"

At night, when they were alone, and recapitulating the day, and the week, and the year, Mrs. W. said to her husband:

"Wilton, this has been our happiest Thanksgiving. And yet the cause has been, seemingly, in little things. The lifting of those two debts has given me new life, new energy, and I know it has you. Then our children have

been made happy in the encouragement of their little, generous, loving impulses. We are blessed in our children, and happy in each other, and we have now new strength to begin another year's labor with. How much to be thankful for!"

"It is true, Mary, what you have often quoted to me: 'God helps those who help themselves,' and I believe we are finding it so. Jenny and Clare have found, too, that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive.' I have not heard Jenny once speak of her own new things, while she is full of delight at having been instrumental in ministering to Mrs. Weaver's needs."

"Another year, Wilton, will pay all our debts; will it not?"

"Yes, if nothing happens that we cannot now see. I have even been contriving a way to-day, perhaps, to pay another fifty. I believe I shall be able to pay all before next year at this time; in six months, I hope; and then, Mary darling, we'll have another Thanksgiving."

Reader, this is a sketch "without a moral," but perhaps some good promptings may be gleaned from it. If so, the actors will not have lived in vain.

IN MEMORY OF FREDDY.

BY H. C. SMREAD.

SUMMER came with buds and roses—
Silver tone of singing bird;
And with visions all of beauty
Deep the font of feeling stirred

For a bright, immortal spirit,
Coral lips and golden hair,
Came to shed the light of gladness—
Came our yearning love to share.

Day by day we watched beside him,
Pillowing soft his brow of snow,
Offering to our Heavenly Father
Supplications warm and low.

Autumn came with golden fruitage,
Winter with his dirge and frost;
In the green and sunny spring-time,
We our darling birdling lost.

Glory kindled every feature
Into beauty strangely bright,
As he plumed his snowy pinion
For an everlasting flight.

Circling round and round the valley,
Over Jordan's beaded foam;
Furled at last his wing immortal
In the angels' starry home

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE.—No. V.

PROPPED up in my elbow chair, dear reader, with cushions and shawls enough for an Eastern princess, Mr. Honeycombe protests against my wishing you a happy New Year. Indeed, could you feel a single shaft of the rheumatic arrows which are darting through every joint of my *physique*, you would pronounce me a most amiable creature thus to give good wishes to any one. But, the best *invalid* philosophy being to forget one's self and one's ailments as far as possible, I have taken the pen with the hope that it will charm away the memory of the pain, if not the pain itself. My husband, seeing that remonstrances are unavailing, has left the room, saying, as he closed the door, "Well, Maria, I prophecy that your letter will be a savage one—you'll give *somebody* sour fruit to taste before you get through"—then poking his head back—"perhaps 'twill be Juniper berries, my dear." Nous verrons, Mr. Silas Honeycombe.

We intended to give Santa Claus (or Kriss Kringle, as our children like better to call him,) a grand reception, in the good old style. The rooms were to be dressed with evergreens, and all the country folks for miles round were to be bidden to the festive occasion. Tom, under his master's direction, had cut an immense log for the fire-place, and Mr. Honeycombe had procured a branch of misletoe, which, he informed me, was to be hung over the door, "and woe betide the damsel who gets caught under it," he said, smacking his lips.

"Why, Mr. Honeycombe!" I exclaimed, in amazement, "you certainly don't mean that you—a married man——"

"Pshaw, my dear! Nobody's married at Christmas times—we're all young again, *then*. Kiss them? To be sure I will—provided they have rosy lips. It would be high treason to neglect such a privilege when we have genuine misletoe. Let me tell you that misletoe's a treasure."

"And I suppose *I*, too, am to be kissed by any young clown who pleases," said I, indignantly.

"Nonsense, Maria! That's quite a different thing. There's no necessity for *your* going near the misletoe—indeed, I must say, it would not be becoming in *my wife*. (I thought as much.) Look at these pearly berries, how beautiful they are."

"Pretty enough," I said; "but you'd better

throw it away. It's only a parasite, and all parasites are odious."

"No, not all. Do you know that the misletoe was the sacred plant of the Druids?"

"Well, *we* are not Druids—we have something better to worship."

"It's the *viscum album*."

"I detest albums."

My husband leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. Then, returning to the charge, he said:

"But you really are not aware, my dear Maria, how many classic associations are connected with the misletoe. It is Virgil's golden bough. It was the passport of Æneas to the infernal regions."

"We don't wish a passport to the infernal regions," I said, laughing; "indeed, I fear that we shall not *need* one. But depend upon it, Mr. Honeycombe, if you put that misletoe over the door, I shall stand directly under it. *My* privileges are not to be neglected, either."

My husband, as I well knew, had no taste for such a proceeding, so he laid down the twig, and began to talk of something else. I had conquered, much to my own satisfaction. It was all very well, I thought, for country lads and lasses to kiss and be kissed under the misletoe, but to have Mr. Honeycombe playing such pranks was a little too much. Husbands, by the way, are very apt to do things which they would consider quite reprehensible in their wives.

Our dispute was, after all, entirely superfluous, for on Monday there came on a violent snow storm, which so obstructed the roads as to preclude the possibility of anything like a party. It was no disappointment to me, as I wished to devote myself to the children's enjoyment, and with a houseful of company that would have been quite out of the question.

On Wednesday morning, the storm having ceased, Mr. Honeycombe prepared to go off to town. I thought he would never get away—there was so much confidential whispering to be gone through between himself and the children. But at length he was fairly gone, and Tom and the boys started with their sleds in search of laurel to dress the drawing-room. I was doubtful about their finding any when the snow was so deep, but Charley very wisely remarked that Tom knew all about it, and Tom had said that Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without evergreens, so I concluded to let them

make the search, at least. Winnie begged hard to accompany them, and looked after the "Snow-shoe" and the "Reindeer" so regretfully, that I was almost tempted to call them back and deposite her upon Tom's sled. But I bethought me of another way to console her, and proposed that she should go up stairs and hang her stocking for the night. She skipped away in a twinkling, and in ten minutes the little gipsy had strung every stocking she possessed across the chimney-place. Her countenance fell instantly when I said that Santa Claus would probably fill but one for her, and she stood looking at the tiny foot in her hand, evidently thinking how small would be her share of the good things in his pack. But her face quickly brightened again when I offered her one of mine for the purpose. She picked out the longest one she could find, and hung it with great glee. Suddenly a cloud came over her face, and she said:

"Mamma, Kriss will know *that* stocking can't fit a little girl like me. He won't fill it, I'm afraid."

"We'll label it," I said, taking a pencil and paper from my pocket. I wrote "Winnie," and pinned it to the stocking, and my little daughter was fully satisfied.

Pretty soon the boys returned, their sleds laden with evergreens, and their cheeks purple with cold. I pulled off their mittens, and tried to rub some warmth into the little, frozen hands, while they expatiated upon the "grand time" they had had in the woods, where nothing but Tom's experience would have enabled them to find the ground laurel under the snow. "But we've got it, mamma, and now hurrah for the dressing!" shouted Frank, as, boots and all, he hopped upon a satin sofa to throw a wreath over Winnie's portrait. I soon made him hop down again and get a kitchen chair. I also took the opportunity of giving the children a little lecture on the *propriety* of things. Mr. Honeycombe being away, it was a good chance. When he is at home he interferes very much with my maternal admonitions—I wonder if *all* husbands do so. On this occasion I fancy I was pretty effective, though Frank remarked afterward that he "didn't see the use of having things too good to use."

It was no small task to dispose of all the evergreens, not one of which would they allow to be wasted, but the room presented such a pretty appearance after it was finished, that we were fully rewarded for our trouble. The children would have danced round it in admiration all the afternoon, had not the sound of

sleigh-bells announced their father's return. There he was, enveloped to the chin in buffalorobes, which disclosed, when thrown aside, enough packages and parcels for Santa Claus himself. Little hands were very officious in assisting him and his baggage—the latter, especially—into the hall; and when his overcoats were disposed of, and his feet had been sufficiently stamped, and his handkerchief had been duly flourished to a sound not unlike a fisherman's horn, the master of the house suffered himself to be led, or rather dragged into the drawing-room, where, at a hint from me, he went into ecstasies at the children's performance. Then came a second edition of the confidential whispering, accompanied by sundry mysterious nods and winks, which seemed to give the required satisfaction.

We had waited dinner for Mr. Honeycombe, so that when we rose from the table, and adjourned to the drawing-room, it was nearly dark. But the wood fire diffused a pleasant light through the apartment, and we sat down before it, my husband and I, and began to talk over those old memories which a wood fire at dusk always recalls. Then we contrasted our former mode of life with the present, and compared the three frail little creatures for whose sake we had left the city, with the three chubby, rosy-faced urchins who were now—bless us! where were they? We crept instinctively toward the hall—yes—there they were—pinching and squeezing the packages "papa" had brought from town—trying their very best to peep inside, then putting their heads together, and buzzing like bees. Childish curiosity was strained to the utmost when Winnie pinched a little bundle which made a squeaking noise, and they were fast making up their minds to untie the string, when Mr. Honeycombe called out,

"You young rogues! What are you about?"

A general scampering ensued, and for some time we heard no more of the children; but they finally came into the drawing-room, to hear the Christmas stories which had been promised them. Mr. Honeycombe's head is full of German legends, and he poured them forth one after another, till I became as much interested as the children. He told them of the "Christ-child," and gave them some pretty little lessons in faith, which, I hope, they will remember. We finished with

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," &c.,

that same old tune, which is always new. I think I have repeated it to one little circle or

another every Christmas eve since I could talk—who has not?

At last we packed them off to bed. There was great excitement over head, and it was long ere the pattering of little feet ceased to be heard. When all was still, Mr. Honeycombe went into the hall, and brought in his Christmas present to me. It was a package of books, consisting of Beranger's poems in the original, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's last work, which, critics say, is her best—(it must be very beautiful to exceed "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and the "Lay of the Brown Rosary")—and the "Court of Napoleon." You may be sure that I was delighted. We looked over the engravings in Goodrich's work, and enjoyed them greatly. Then I turned to the sketch of the Empress Josephine, and in an instant the book lost half its value! How *could* any man so traduce her? Josephine, who, living and dead, has ever been the idol of the French people—I might almost say, of the world—the loving mother—the devoted wife—the best friend of her cruel husband, even after he had sacrificed her to his insane ambition—she who carried with her to the retirement of Malmalson the adoration and respect—aye—the respect of the whole nation—who gathered around her there the choice spirits of every land—who was greater in adversity than in prosperity—to the last, a true, noble-hearted woman—the peerless Josephine!

"Take it away, Mr. Honeycombe, give it to some one else," I said, pushing the book toward him, "it is valueless to me. I could lay it upon that blazing fire with right good will."

I was completely out of humor. I pushed the chairs out of my way, and rushed up stairs, where I crammed the things into the children's stockings with terrible energy. Winnie's doll went in head foremost, and the "old woman who lived in a shoe" set all her india-rubber babies to crying, as I packed them away. Maria Antoinette was lying in faded glory upon the hearth-stone.

"Yes," I said, as I picked up the waxen figure, "you are another persecuted creature—poor Josephine!"

Having already transcended my limits in writing, I cannot tell you what a merry Christmas the children had—how they wakened us at daylight with their noisy chattering, nor how the gifts of Kriss Kringle brought infinite delight to their young hearts. Their happiness was contagious, for Mr. Honeycombe declared

that nothing but the misletoe bough was wanting to make *his* enjoyment complete—a remark which I consider most unbecoming in a married man. He has just been looking over this letter.

"There, my dear!" said he, triumphantly; "I told you that some one would get sour grapes. I'm sorry for poor "Dick Tinto."

"You may spare your sympathy," I replied, "for probably that gentleman's teeth are not to be set on edge by so humble a person as

MARIA HONEYCOMBE.

GRAVE-CLOTHES.

BY A. P. C.

I've planted a dear little mound
All over with favorites sweet;
Valley-lilies, white violets I found
Already in bloom at my feet.

And then, from kind gardens I sought
Alyssums and milfoils, to throw
More fragrance and whiteness where nought
But the purest of beauty should grow.

One dark heart's-ease in contrast is there,
For my dear little mound is a grave;
And, colored with heaven's blue air,
Forget-me-nots memory crave.

Not alone of the sleeper below,
The baby reposing in bliss—
But ah! of a long peaceful row,
To memory far dearer than this!

So I've re-decked the dear little mound—
But not for the infant alone,
Which rests in my home-hallowed ground—
A white rose its burial stone.

But a soul full of duty to speak,
To that blest band of kindred, away
Too far for faint heart and hands weak,
The tenderness there to betray.

My mound lies beneath the tall fir,
Where the flowers give all their perfume,
To nourish its evergreen spire,
And point us aloft from the tomb.

MAKE truth credible, and children will believe it; make goodness lovely, they will love it; make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad of it.

MRS. BROWNING'S AURORA LEIGH.*

This is one of the productions of the present season which is likely to create some sensation among those who are fond of sensations—not on account of the novelty of the style, which is as old as Carlyle and his corporal's guard of small imitators, but on account of some of the opinions set forth by the author, which are bold and striking, but not for that reason unjust, or reprehensible as coming from a woman. Of others we cannot say as much. Mrs. Browning is original, from the fact that, in a speculative, scheming age, full of plans and projects of reform, both in church and state—an age of associations, when every thing is done, not by rule, but by compact—she belongs to the anti-social reform party, and maintains that *every one should mend one until the whole is mended*. In order to regenerate masses, she would begin with individuals, and have individuals look to a power superior to their own in accomplishing important changes. It requires some courage in these restless, adventurous times, to be a conservative, rather than a propagandist. Besides, conservatism is amiable in a woman, and more appropriate to her peculiar sphere than socialism, which is noisy, speculative, and vulgar. We are glad to find Mrs. Browning in the conservative ranks. She is more sensible and practical than some poets are, but her poetry, also, is different from that of some others; it is more philosophical, deeper, broader, more living, because it has more common sense in it—a wider basis of principle and truth.

There is no complication of plot in the story of Aurora Leigh. It is the history of part of a life, or, rather, of part of several lives—of individuals, plainly belonging to the present century. The characters are well selected, as representative men and women, standing for certain classes, and expressing opinions that are peculiar to those classes. Aurora Leigh is a genius, who worships genius, and adores herself for possessing it. She is one who is to reform the world by the force of mind and genius alone. With her, books, especially those she writes herself, are the lever by which the world is raised. She at last discovers that opinions are naught, and that truths, not self-derived, but flowing down from above, are the

great laws of life and progress. She deals, accordingly, some very instructive lessons to the whole class of modern reformers run mad.

Romney Leigh is a socialist, a champion of brotherhood, which he proposes to achieve by a levelling process—a process of levelling up and levelling down. He belongs to the aristocracy, but has a world-wide sympathy for the down-trodden classes. His philanthropy extends far beyond the functions of government and private charity. It takes in whole masses, which, by plans more chimerical than practical, are to be suddenly elevated to a respectable human stand-point, and rendered quite comfortable. He has the elements of an excellent character, both intellectual and moral, but experience convinces him of the folly of his plans, and of his own inherent weakness, and he at length turns to the only Source of all power and illumination. But let us descend to particulars.

The father of Aurora Leigh is an Englishman—her mother an Italian. The emotional nature, which she derives from her mother, is predominant in her constitution. She is a "born poet," besides being a beautiful and attractive woman. To these characteristics she adds self-will and strong will, and a high sense of personal independence, and of the worldly dignity that clusters around talent. She loses her mother in infancy, and her father dies during her girlhood. She is placed under the tuition of a self-seeking, worldly-minded relation, an aunt, who could never forgive her brother for marrying an Italian wife, and who could never forgive the daughter for the offence which the father committed. Her situation, under her aunt's roof, is anything but agreeable to a girl of genius, possessed of a high and somewhat rebel spirit, to whom trammels of all kinds are irksome. The most annoying of these was a secret understanding, in due time made manifest, whereby to sanctify, or, at least, render tolerable the supposed *mesalliance* of the father—the high-blooded Romney Leigh, her cousin, was to marry her, and in case of her refusal to agree to the match, she was to be deprived of the inheritance which would otherwise be secured to her by her compliance with this arrangement. She had esteemed her cousin; they had grown up together in each other's society; they had read the same books together, they sympathised

* Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway. Boston: 53 Devonshire Street. 1857.

with many of each other's opinions; and, upon the whole, they possessed many traits in common which would have rendered the match, in the English, and in any sense of the term, *suitable*, besides its desirableness in a worldly aspect. Again, each possessed peculiarities and cherished plans at the outset of life, which were not prophetic of harmony in the wedded state; at least, so thought Aurora, and, accordingly, she rejects the offer of her cousin's hand, and the fortune that accompanies it, and prefers to rely on the resources of her own genius.

An interval of ten years elapses, during which Romney prosecutes, with ill-success, his projects of social reform, and she pursues authorship with reputation, but, in the end, with little self-satisfaction. During this period the author introduces Marian Erle—as Bulwer does Alice—a perfect creation of poetic fancy, surrounded by misery and degradation the most revolting. The parallel in the character of these two may be easily compared and identified by any who have read “Ernest Maltravers,” and now read “Aurora Leigh.” Some of her touches in the description of her low-born heroine are glorified by true genius, while others are debased by grossness of expression, unintelligible narration, the wildest vagaries of unregulated thought, and the jolting and tumbling style of rhyme, which agitates and affronts the reader of good taste. She does not award to this girl, after all, poetic justice, since, faultless in every particular, she yet abandons her to the wily arts of a rival, and exposes her, without mercy or remorse, to the deepest villainy and most hopeless ruin. This girl was chosen by Romney, the champion of socialism, to form a connecting-link between the high-born and the vulgar, and she is recklessly disposed of by our authoress, to prove the fact that Romney Leigh was mistaken in his impossible theory of levelling classes, while she, Aurora Leigh, (*alias* Elizabeth Browning) pursues the better plan of operating through a book.

The book is undoubtedly a good one in many respects, but it is as faulty in others as was the socialistic scheme of uniting the extremes of society. At all events, we do not regard the author a safe guide, either in her irreverent flights of bold thought, when she deals with angels, and even the Almighty, as though she were an inspired exponent of the thoughts of angels and of God, nor in the less offensive, but still reprehensible, violation of all poetic rules and accepted application of language.

If the perversion of terms from their common and simple use, till, by their strange

combination, and eccentric connection, they mean one scarce knows what, be an art of the poet, it must be admitted that Mrs. Browning is a poetess of admirable skill. The great effort at originality of expression, so evident in all writers of this school, is painfully felt by the reader when toiling through her compositions. True, her thoughts are often grand and striking, but they are dimly developed by language sometimes silly and affected, and sometimes absurd and inappropriate. One must think in order to reach her meaning. Ideas must be gathered in her works, rather from hints and probable explanations, than from direct statement. She astounds with sounding epithets. Like Shelley, she veils herself in shadows; like Coleridge, she grows wild to the verge of madness. Little simple, nothing natural, gratifies the reader of correct taste in her pages; and yet they contain many beautiful things quaintly delivered, but deformed by the errors of transcendental novelty. She has labored, with untiring zeal, to produce new forms of expression, and, in short, to write as no one else has written. In this her success has undoubtedly been seen; but what has she gained by all this diligence? A new style, perhaps, but one faulty and artificial.

A sufferer from long and severe illness, Mrs. Browning has, for years, in the solitude of her chamber, devoted herself to letters, and there, though translated to a bride, we are willing to behold her now, pale and thought-worn, toiling at her endless task of producing something unusual in the construction of sentences and arrangement of words; while her great and noble sentiments, if delivered without this over-effort at distinguishing peculiarity, would command at once the admiration of all.

She says, prefacing her earlier poems: “Poetry has been a serious thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing; there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done work, so far, as work; not mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain—and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its faultiness more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration, but feeling, also, that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should protect it in the eyes of the reverent and sincere.”

Let us examine, with due “reverence,” a

specimen of the work before us. We select a passage amongst many of which it is a fair sample. Its high-sounding phrases, inflated obscure, and meaningless, (or, at least, of doubtful significance,) puzzle and perplex the reader, who, when he cannot fathom its sense, concludes, perhaps, this wonderful woman, "the Milton among female poets," is too wise and profound for his comprehension. Another reader understands, or hopes he does, our lady poet's mysticism, and, when satisfied that such is the fact, feels, also, that there has been "much ado about nothing," that the little jewel is not worth the painful labor of separating it from the trash and mud in which it lies embedded; that the idea is indebted to its pompous surroundings of mighty and learned words for seeming great at the first glance. But we proceed to our extract:

"O life, O poetry,
Which means life in life! cognisant of life
Beyond this blood-beat—poetry, my life—
My eagle, with both grappling feet still hot
From Zeus's thunder, who has ravished me
Away from all the shepherds' sheep and dogs,
And set me in the Olympian roar and round
Of luminous faces for a cupbearer,
To keep the mouths of all the godheads moist
For everlasting laughter—I myself,
Half-drunk across the beakers with their eyes!
How those gods look!

* * * * *

"Am I such indeed? The name
Is royal, and to sign it like a queen
Is what I dare not—though some royal blood
Would seem to tingle in me now and then,
With sense of power and ache—with imposthumes
And manias usual to the race."

Now these same "imposthumes" and "manias" are especially what we complain of in Mrs. Browning's very popular verses, and we by no means consider them indications of poetic genius; they belong to crude and inelegant writers, and need the correction of sound judgment and cultivated taste, and we recommend her to discard them as vile nuisances, and not attempt to pass them off upon the world as proofs of superiority. The "aches," too, which she feelingly records, her art should have taught her to conceal, at least in the laborious construction of her abrupt and halting lines. She may extol Carlyle and Keats, but her imitation of them proves how dangerous their example has been to admiring followers like herself.

Lady Waldemar is a dark, artful and appalling character. Mrs. Browning has drawn her with artistic skill, and evinces knowledge of the world, and its blinding gloss, in the fearful

picture. This portrait again reminds us of one of Bulwer's bold delineations. The hand which sketches it seems that of a man, rather than of a woman; and, sooth to say, our authoress is not over feminine, in style or thought—a perfect contrast to Mrs. Hemans, whose delicacy hallowed every page, and whose highest moral sentiments were always draped with woman's tenderness, refinement, and rainbow beauty.

But Mrs. Browning, assuming man's hardness, and dashing boldly on, must expect to be dealt with as her temerity demands, and we are free to tell her that she has ventured where wise men would pause, and timorous women would turn away abashed, for she has described some scenes and circumstances in which we beg leave to decline pursuing her steps. She is quite strong enough to go forth alone.

To deny her merit is impossible, and that, too, of a high order. But her compositions are abundantly ungraceful, sometimes lowered by terms ignored in the vocabulary of common decency, sometimes obscured by a paltry display of learning, and sometimes bombastic beyond endurance. We almost forgive all this, when a great thought comes gleaming out from clouds and darkness, as it often does, and commands us to listen to her song, when weariness and disgust had almost induced us to lay aside the book and repudiate its author.

It is amusing to see Mrs. Browning's blundering attempt to place Keats above Pope—the most classic bard England ever knew—and Byron, whose lordly powers demanded a world's homage, and obtained it, too, despite the opposition of Jeffrey, the keenest critic of his age,—despite his own vagaries—for his genius was defiant and eccentric; it is amusing, we say, and convinces us of the models she has chosen—if her involved and most reprehensible style of writing had not previously established the fact that she belongs to the Lake school of English poetry. She says:

"By Keats's soul, the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But, turning grandly on his central self,
Enshored himself in twenty perfect years,
And died not young, (the life of a long life,
Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek, to make it burn
Forever;) by that strong excepted soul,
I count it strange and hard to understand
That nearly all young poets should write old;
That Pope was sexagenarian at sixteen,
And beardless Byron academical,
And so with others. It may be, perhaps,
Such have not settled long and deep enough

In trance, to attain to clairvoyance, and still
The memory mixes with the vision, spoils,
And works it turbid."

These speculations may go for what they are worth. Meantime, the world must decide whether Pope or Mrs. Browning is most *turbid*. The whole passage is presumptuous, affected and most decidedly untrue. Keats, it appears, "turned upon his grand central self," "lived a long life," though he "died young," and is "excepted" from all others, by the great glory which he achieved in the shedding of a single tear; but this mighty tear,—a magical one,—is to burn, we are told, on the world's cheek forever! What monstrous imagery is this! a very gorgon in the phantom ranks of transcendental nonsense. If Mrs. Browning ever studied poetry as an art, she ought to be aware that both rhetoric and common sense imperatively require simplicity of style. *Understand your subject—feel your subject*—are the two grand rules, unimpaired by innovation, which must govern and elevate rational composition. We are not all clairvoyants, and cannot, all of us, appreciate flights beyond reason and probability. How are we to understand the expression, "By Keats's soul?" Are we not expressly told, "Swear not at all?" Still more decidedly do we object to her irreverent use of a name so sacred that angels pronounce it with awe. Her task being, as she avers, to reform the world, we suggest that her example, in this particular, does not comport with the philanthropic aim proposed.

Mrs. Browning is resolved to forestal the public judgment as to her genius and composition, by a decided expression of the conclusions to which she has arrived on these interesting topics. She is not deficient in the art of sounding her own trumpet:

"God has made me—I've a heart
That's capable of worship, love and loss
We say the same of Shakespeare's. I'll be meek,
And learn to reverence, even this poor myself"

Her "meekness" is very remarkable in emulating Shakespeare's laurels, and her "self-reverence" (should we not rather say, her insufferable vanity and assumption?) still more so.

The cupbearer of the gods, and who makes "all the godheads" laugh under the inspiration of her verses, is also (*seipsa judice*) a maker of "good books" and an apostle of "truth," notwithstanding her womanly infirmity:

"The book, too—pass it. 'A good book,' says he,
'And you a woman! I had laughed at that,
But long since. I'm a woman, it is true.

Alas, and woe to us, when we feel it most!
Then, least care have we for the crowns and goals,
And compliments on writing our good books."

"The book has some truth in it, I believe."

* * *

"I have written truth

And I a woman."

We do not quite understand this disclaimer of "crowns" and "compliments" by our authoress, predicated upon the circumstances of sex. If she is a woman, and has written a "good book," and, especially, if she has "written truth," we cannot see why she is not as fairly entitled to a crown as the "beardless Byron," or as "that strong excepted soul," Keats.

The particular "truth" which Mrs. Browning has "written," and to which she refers in the above passage, charms us, and upon scanning it attentively, we are nearly as ready to award her the palm of the philosopher as the laurel of the poet:

"Truth, so far, in my book—the truth which draws
Through all things upwards; that a twofold world
Must go to a perfect cosmos. Natural things
And spiritual—who separates these two
In art, in morals, or the social drift,
Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
Is wrong, in short, at all points.

"Without the spiritual, observe,
The natural's impossible; no form,
No motion! Without sensuous, spiritual
Is inappreciable; no beauty or power!
And in this twofold sphere the twofold man
(And still the artist is intensely (?) a man)
Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
The spiritual beyond it—fixes still
The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
With eyes immortal, to the antetype
Some call the ideal—better called the real,
And certain to be called so presently
When things shall have their names."

These are noble sentiments, strongly and well expressed, too. But Young had said, more succinctly, the same thing before:

"All—all on earth is shadow—all beyond
Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed."

Again we cite, with decided approval, the following passage from our true-thoughted author:

"There's nothing great
Nor small," has said a poet of our day,
(Whose voice will ring beyond the curfew of eve,
And not be thrown out by the matin's bell;)
And, truly, I reiterate—nothing's small!

No lily-muffled hum of a summer bee,
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim:
And, glancing on my own thin, veined wrist,
In such a little tremor of the blood
The whole strong clamor of a vehement soul
Doth utter itself distinct. Earth's crammed with
heaven,
And every common bush afore with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware,
More and more from the first similitude."

"Daubing faces from a similitude" is a rather strained use of language, but we pass it by as a poetic license, for the sake of the fine thoughts contained in the above passage. "Cramming earth with heaven," also, is a curious kind of surfeit, and can only be understood in the light of the theory, on which she seems to pride herself, and which is more fully set forth in the following earnest passage:

"Verily I was wrong;
And, verily, many thinkers of this age,
Aye, many Christian teachers, half in heaven,
Are wrong in just my sense, who understood
Our natural world too insularly, as if
No spiritual counterpart completed it,
Consummating its meaning, rounding all
To justice and perfection, line by line,
Form by form, nothing single nor alone—
The great below clenched by the great above;
Shade here authenticating substance there;
The body proving spirit, as the effect
The cause.

* * * *

"There are many, even,
Whose names are written in the Christian church
To no dishonor—diet still on mud,
And splash the altars with it. You might think
The clay Christ laid upon their eyelids, when,
Still blind, he called them to the use of sight,
Remained there to retard its exercise
With clogging incrustations. Close to heaven.
They see for mysteries through the open doors,
Vague puffs of smoke from pots of earthen-ware;
And fain would enter, when their time shall come,
With quite a different body than St. Paul
Has promised, husk and chaff, the whole barley-corn,
Or where's the resurrection?"

Mrs. Browning, then, denies the doctrine of the resurrection of the material body, denounces orthodox "mysteries" as "puffs of smoke from pots of earthen-ware," and maintains a double cosmos in which matter and material things answer to spirit and spiritual things. It is well that in England there is no censorship of the press before publication, or these notions might

not "pass muster" with the Establishment, to which, we believe, she belongs. They are not quite original, we apprehend, with Mrs. Browning; but if adopted are likely essentially to modify our theological systems, and are therefore entitled to the gravest consideration.

WHITE LILIES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

In a little quiet dell,
Crystal streams of water fell,
With a dreamy, tinkling sound
In a hollow ledgy bound—
And was born a tiny lake,
Circled round with feath'ry brake.

Of in childhood's careless hours
Went I there to gather flowers,
Honeysuckle, eglantine,
Dingle-rose and columbine;
But the lilies loved I best,
Sleeping on the calm lake's breast.

Creamy lilies, gold and white
Drinking from the waters bright,
Sweet as balm from eastern lands,
Wafted soft by angel hands,
Pure white lilies, passing well
Do I love each pearly tell!

When the morn all golden bright
Lifts its architraves of light,
And the zephyr's matin hymn
Surges through the forest dim—
Lilies, ope each closed cup—
Raise each folded petal up.

WAKING-DREAM IN SICKNESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The night creeps wearily. I lit my lamp
To hide the brightness of that morning star
That mocks me with a sleeplessness like mine—
Coldly and glitteringly apart and lone!
How unlike life it is—this sickness-waking!
Conscious of life's enfeebled link no more,
The soul feels death-released; and, as the star
Wakes not the colors of earth's slumbering flowers,
Nor warms the darkness of the mountain brow
From which so pathlessly it soars away,
So, with strange lift, unnaturally bright,
The sick man's thought soars tracklessly and far.
The pale cheek on the pillow, and the pulse
Of the sad silent heart, made deathlier only
By thought in which their faintness has no share!

—[Home Journal

MIRIAM: A REMINISCENCE.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

It was the last night of an old year. My associates, young men and maidens, were to sleigh-ride to the country some ten miles distant, and at a public inn, live out in merriment, and dance and song, the departing hours of the old, and the coming in of the New Year. I declined forming one of their number, preferring to spend the evening in a manner different and more quiet. School-girls, (as I was then,) have always one dear friend, loved and confided in beyond all others. Such a one to me was Miriam F——. Gentle, loving, confiding and truthful; she was worthy of all the devotion that my soul involuntarily paid to hers. The grace and delicacy of her slight form, her pale face, heaven-blue eyes, and sweetest of mouths, won for her the general appellation of "our Lily." Beautiful to others—she was more than beautiful to me—and often when we sat side by side, I clasped her to me with a passionate embrace, impelled by the indefinable fear that the Angel of Death might suddenly come between her and me.

This last night of the year I determined to spend with her. She had become motherless but a month before. The demon of intemperance had long held sway over her once manly and respected, but now besotted father. The only child, Miriam, dwelt lonely in an outwardly beautiful home, now darkened and desolated by death, and by worse than death.

Twilight had deepened into darkness when I tapped at her chamber door. The tones of the low "come in," were tremulous with sorrow. She sat low before a fire, that blazed upon a hearth-stone of the old-fashion, her beautiful head resting upon lily-pale hands, that a tiny ottoman supported.

"It is very kind in you," she said rising, and encircling my waist with her arm, while her head drooped upon my shoulder, and her large blue eyes looking so earnestly into the fire, "very kind in you to deny yourself the pleasure of the ride, to spend the hours with one who cannot but be sad, and sadden you."

"O no," I replied "my delight above all things is to be with you. Besides we will not be sad to-night. If we cannot be glad or even joyous, we will be sober and reflective. Your moderation shall temper my vivacity. I, you know, live in the future. I have a great, grand home there, a castle stronger than we read of; for all the elements of this world, singly or combined, cannot destroy it. It is impervious

to intruders, for I alone have the key, and by however strong a will exerted, no force can make an impression."

"But Minnie," said the sweet, low voice "let death come into your household, let one and another of your loved ones 'be reaped at a breath,' then would you not sit in weeping and desolation upon the ruins of the fabric you deemed so strong, crumpled to dust in a moment?"

I shuddered and was silent. Then I thought, as I never, never had thought before. Death, so freshly terrible to Miriam, had never left the shadow of his dark wing on one that was dear to me. It is true, I had had passing thoughts of the great destroyer, and had written of it lightly and carelessly, as of flowers or stars, or all beautiful things. But the thought of it had never so appalled me. As if the Angel of Fate had indeed opened the book of the future, and impressed me with a knowledge of the commission that Death was, in all time, to fulfil for me. I felt the cold fingers at my heart. The icy chill came over my limbs—I trembled—I shuddered—I cried aloud. The face of Miriam became uplifted. It was like that of an angel. Solemnly, and O how impressively, she repeated:—

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Miriam was a Christian. In childlike faith, without asking why or wherefore, she believed, and loved, and revered all that the New Testament teaches. I fancied, at that moment, that a presence invisible and spiritual was around us, and that it had been evoked by the purity and angelic nature of Miriam. She clasped me with a closer embrace, and then, with pregnant intervals of silence, she talked of life and its varied destinies, of its sadness and mirth, of its glory and gloom, of love and friendship, and friends, of the end of life and its great Hereafter—of Heaven, its angels, and the universal Father of love and goodness—of the beauty, the consolation and joy of knowing that the end of every trial, every sorrow, every agony, was perfect peace and rest at last! How every word thrilled me as I silently listened! I felt, I comprehended it all. I knew that words had fallen on my soul that would never, never be obliterated.

The spirit of inspiration had surely fallen upon this sweet child of earth. If not in num-

bers, the spirit of poetry flowed from her lips, and the melody of its music, and the beauty of its truth enrapture me as then, whenever I live over again the memory of that blessed night.

The hours flew insensibly, while we sat in semi-darkness before the low-burned fire.—Morning light began to dawn, when I was startled from my silence and intent interest, and Miriam from her improvisation, by the sound of merry sleigh bells, the ringing of joyous laughter, and gleeful voices—the revellers were returning. What a thrill of glad thankfulness I experienced, that my steps had been drawn by the side of Miriam. Her last words that night, as slumber was sealing my eye-lids were: "We will always remember each other every last night of the old year."

Alas! old years go out, and new years come in, but the beautiful eyes of Miriam slumber always in their dreamless sleep. The delicate, fragile form, the beautiful face—are they but dust? Are they not rather more divinely fash-

ioned, more ineffably lovely, clothing the sainted spirit, which was so fitting the abodes of the blest? And who shall say it was not well for her to go thus "early home," in her youthful innocence, in her young wedded love, all precious though it was, ere coldness or blight came, or her sensitive heart struggled with the ruthless pressure of the world? But so it was. "She died"—the bride of two summers—the mother of a day; and they laid her down to slumber with the tiny cherub by her side. He whom she left desolate lives faithful to her memory.

I have a little book, on the fly-leaf of which is written "From Miriam to Minnie." Precious is it for her sake, and for the sake of the soiled finger-marks of my lost first-born, my darling boy, so late "hid out of my sight." Now, Fancy builds not her castle in *this* world; but the "grand home" of my heart is in the far beyond, whither have journeyed my beloved ones.

"HE GIVETH HIS" BELOVED SLEEP."

BY FANNY FALES.

TAKE comfort, weary heart and brain,
Eyes dim and tearful, shine again;
Lips long unused to smiling, part,
And let the light rays from the heart;
After the way so rough and steep,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Pale watcher by the hearth alone—
How many midnights thus have flown—
List'ning for steps that tarry long?
Indifference, neglect, and wrong,
Will fail, ere long, to make you weep—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O, sad one, famishing and cold,
The while your brother counts his gold,
A few more steps in storms below,
In rain and wind, of want and woe,
Earth, 'till God calls, her child will keep—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

How sweet to weary heart and brain,
To eyes that weep and watch in vain,
To plighted love, to wounoed pride,
To suffering afar and wide,
Words like a blessing pure and deep,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of three sisters, of whom the other and less reputable two are Avarice and Prodigality. She alone keeps the safe and straight path, while Avarice sneers at her as profuse and Prodigality scorns her as penurious. To the poor she is indispensable; to those of moderate means she is found the representative of Wisdom; and although some moralist has said that at the hearth of the opulent Economy takes the form of a vice, she is, perhaps, as great a virtue there as she is elsewhere. Her

very name signifies the law or rule of a house; and her presence is as much required in the palace as in the cottage. The prince who despises her and outruns his means, is at once a slave and a knave. The honest man who lives within his income, and owes no man anything, is your only true king. Economy is an excellent virtue, no doubt; but, like all other virtues, it must be applied with prudence, or it will turn into a folly or a vice.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

"WELL, what's the order of to-day's exercises?" asked Alison, as two days after the party we all sat at our late breakfast, dispatching our chocolate and muffins, amid little rivulets of pleasant, desultory conversation.

"Yes; you ought to improve every day of this fine weather, young people," answered Mr. Herriek. "What do you say to Greenwood this morning, my child?"

"Oh, a capital idea, papa," with that pretty, wavering motion of her head which reminded one of a bird among summer boughs. "It will be all new, too, to Meltha and Irene."

Here Alison broke into one of those sudden, hearty laughs, that I should have recognized in Japan.

"My son, don't be quite so boisterous," gently reproved his mother.

"I can't help it, indeed. It just struck me how comical little Miss Country Importation stared round her last night at the opera. It was all so new and overcoming to her, you see."

I appealed to the rest of the company to defend me from this villification, and to decide whether my conduct was not perfectly proper and city-bred, if I was a "country importation."

"I will answer, for one, that you set a most commendable example to the rest of us, Miss Lindsay," replied Clyde Woolsey, who, notwithstanding his animadversion against all authoresses, had treated me with what I sometimes thought, marked attention, though we had little opportunity for conversation.

"Miss Irene," said a domestic, suddenly opening the door, "that Miss Walters that made your dress was here last evening for the money. She says as how she needs it very much. I told her I'd tell you the first thing this morning. She lives right round here in the alley, in the big, brown house."

Irene's face flushed a little with annoyance, as she answered: "Well, Bridget, you should have taken a more proper time than the present one to acquaint me with her demands."

"But, Irene, you should never allow a woman who sews for you to go a day without

her wages. It is doing her a great wrong." Clyde's voice was almost stern.

"Then, if the truth must come out, Clyde," and the beautiful speaker played impatiently with her napkin ring, "I spent the last dollar papa gave me day before yesterday; so there were but two alternatives, the woman must wait, or I must pawn my jewelry," laughing up in his face.

"Oh, Irene! now, as if you couldn't have asked me!" interposed Meltha.

"Yes, and that solemn brother of mine would have read me an awful lecture on the manifold evils of borrowing money."

"The practice of a little self-denial in your expenses would have done you no harm, Irene. But how much was the debt?"

"Only five dollars."

"You shall have that, and some spending money in addition, my dear."

"Well, I shall have to be inhospitable enough to hurry you through your breakfast, good folks," spoke up Mr. Herriek; "for you must get to Greenwood by eleven if you want to see anything of it in one day."

"You shall have the set at forty dollars, and they are a great bargain at that," said the jeweller, as he held up the elaborate cameo pin and ear-rings before Irene.

It was on our return from Greenwood, and Meltha had broken her watch chain, so the gentlemen had deposited us at the jeweller's, as they wished to go down town, and it was but a short walk home.

"They are charming, and just what I want," admiringly turning round the set. "Aren't they beautiful, Miss Ethel?" Meltha was in another part of the store.

"Very."

"It'll take all the money Clyde gave me this morning," speaking to herself, and not mindful of my presence. "But papa will send me on some in a few days, and I want them, and I'll have them, too. Clyde will think I purchased them before, if he thinks about it at all; and what nonsense to suppose that woman can't wait a few days longer. You may do them up for me," (to the jeweller.)

I was quite alone, for my hostess and her friend had gone out to call on a school-mate, and Mrs. Holmes had lain down. I could not read, or even *dream*; somehow, the white, haggard face of the seamstress had haunted me for the five hours which had elapsed since we left the jeweller's.

"I wonder if she is really in need! If Irene only *had* paid her," I mused, walking up and down the room. "I've half a mind to go out and find her myself; but then, I've only five dollars in the world, (one wants so many things in New York,) and I sha'n't get any more till the publisher sends me some, or I hear from Uncle Gerald."

But wherever I turned, looking up from the pages of my book, staring out on me from the embroidered curtains, shining in the crimson glow of the grate fire, were the wild, mournful, haunting eyes of the woman I had met on the stairs.

At last I could endure it no longer. I threw on my shawl and bonnet, caught up my purse, and hurried out. I discovered the house after considerable searching, for I recognized it from Biddy's description. It was an old, dilapidated wooden building, in the midst of a row of miscellaneous, tumble-down habitations, which flanked both sides of the narrow alley.

"Does a Mrs. Walters live here?" I inquired of a tall, coarse-featured, belligerent-looking Irish woman, who presented herself at the door.

"Yes, ma'am. She lives up in the back chamber on the fourth story," and she pointed to a rheumatic pair of stairs, up which, with considerable difficulty, and no little anxiety for my neck, I made my way.

I reached the room at last, after inquiring of several persons whom I met on the passage, for the house was a very plethoric one. The door was slightly ajar, and I looked in. What a scene of utter, utter destitution and misery it was! There were a few old chairs in the room, and a bed in one corner. This is all the furniture I remember. There were three persons in the room, two very little girls, the younger not more than three; and the mother lay on the bed, her face thin and white as those we lay away very tenderly, with many tears, under coffin lids.

One of the little girls stood by the open fireplace. There was no fire, though the wind had blown up very cold, and the sunshine, in the brightest days, broke only with a wan, weary sort of smile into this narrow back room. She was a pretty child, with hazel-colored eyes and

hair—you could see that, even in her miserable, faded dress—and there was a look of patient mournfulness in the little, pinched features, which went straight to my heart. The other child stood by the bed, its golden, curly head scarcely reaching up to the pillow.

"Mamma, mamma," moaned the little creature, lifting up its thin, blue arms, "please to give Nettie a piece of bread, just a little, *teeny* piece, *cos* she's so hungry."

"There, Nettie," said the other little girl, in a soothing, coaxing voice, but you felt there was a world of broken sobs behind it, "don't trouble mamma, because she's very sick, and *must* go to sleep. Come and talk to Mary, little sister, and if mamma's able to get up, she'll go to the lady's for the money, and then Nettie shall have something nice to eat."

"But I can't wait, Mary, any longer," said the little one, in a voice full of pleading pathos, "I didn't have any breakfast, nor any dinner," and the great tears bubbled out of the blue eyes, and tumbled down the child-face. "I keep growin' hungrier all the time. Mamma, mamma, please to give your little Nettie something to eat!"

Oh, reader! do you know what it is to have a little child, your own little child, lift up its hands and cry to you for bread, when you have none to give it?

The woman opened her eyes—they had been closed until now—and a cry of sharp, terrible agony broke up from her mother's heart: "Oh, God! they will starve! My children! my children!"

I could bear no more, for I had stood transfixed, horror-bound by the scene before me. But now, with the tears pouring over my face, I turned, and bounded down the rickety stairs, fast as my feet and my heart could carry me.

I burst into the first confectionary I could find. "Give me a dollar's worth of cake, food, anything, only for mercy's sake be quick!" and I fairly wrung my hands, while they stared at me. I did not know what they thought. I am certain I did not care.

But real earnestness is usually sympathetic, and in a few moments my arms were filled with a bundle of cakes which would have tempted an epicure.

I entered, without knocking, into that dark, narrow chamber: "Here, children, here; I've brought you something good to eat!" was my first salutation, and with a cry, such a cry that it rings down over all the years, and stirs my heart now, the children bounded forward to me. I tore open the papers, and filled the eager, up-

stretched little hands full of food, and then I hurried to the bedside of Mrs. Walters.

She had risen up, and was looking at me with a blank, wondering sort of stare, while her white face shocked me more than ever.

"You remember me, don't you, Mrs. Walters? I met you on the stairs when you brought home Miss Irene Woolsey's dress."

She put her hand to her head. The suffering of the last hour, and the surprise of my coming, had fairly shaken the woman's intellect.

"You are faint and exhausted, my dear madam, for want of food. If you will try and eat some of these cakes, you will feel better, and then we can talk, for you must understand at once that I am your friend."

She tried to speak, but a sob swelled through the woman's lips; then the warm, blessed tears, rained over the thin face. I would scarcely allow her to speak to me, until she had partaken of some food—indeed, it was want of nourishment more than anything else which had brought on her present illness. I explained to her the circumstances which had occasioned my visit to her, and—but I cannot write her thanks, her gratitude, only the outlines of her story, as, sitting on her bed in the sunset of that October afternoon, I listened to it. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer in New York State, whom she had mortally offended by marrying a sailor.

"My father was very proud of me, and perhaps I did wrong," she said; "but I loved Harry," and something of the old wife-tenderness beamed through her dim eyes—"and he was a true, tender, loving husband to me. In a little while he became captain, and we should have been very happy if my father's displeasure had abated.

"Two years ago, when Nettie was hardly a year old, my husband left me for the last time. The vessel was wrecked, and all on board perished. His entire property was, of course, lost, too.

"We were living in the country, and almost among strangers at this time. I had never been used to taking care of myself, and the two children were a heavy burden upon me. But I came to New York, hoping to procure employment in needlework, and for the last two years I have lived mostly on the disposal of my furniture and clothes, until I hired this room, was taken ill, and we have been brought where you found us." All this was told in a low, lady-like voice, broken by many sobs.

"But your father, Mrs. Walters; surely, no anger could withstand such an appeal"—

glancing at the little ones, who, seated on the floor, were enjoying their cake, whispering together, and looking at me with eyes full of wonder and awe.

"I have written him several times, but the letters have been returned unanswered. I do not think he knows of Harry's death, even. But if I could only go to him, and putting my arms around his neck, say 'Father, it's your Ellen come back to you, the little Ellen that used to sit on your knees every night and sing to you. She is come back now with her children. She is a widow, and they are fatherless. Don't send her away, for the sake of her mother, who, maybe, is looking down on you from Heaven!' I know his heart well—underlying all its pride and obstinacy is the old fountain of tenderness. I know, too, he'd reach out his arms, then, and say, 'Ellen, my child, you are welcome back to the old house, you and your children.'"

"But why haven't you gone to him, Mrs. Walters?"

She smiled sadly. "I was his child, and I had a large share of his pride. But this last sickness has broken it all down. You see, I was only recovered from my fever, when Miss Woolsey sent round her dress to me. I had applied for work at a dress-making establishment, as it was in the hurry of the season."

"And you would go to him if you could?"

"To-morrow. The thought would give me new strength, new life, to endure the journey."

"How far is it?"

She sighed. "Nearly three hundred miles. It would cost twenty-five dollars to take me and the children."

Just at that moment the younger child, who had despatched all her cake, sidled up shyly to me, and looking in my face with her blue, wondering eyes, lisped:

"Be you an angel, and did you come straight down from Heaven to-day? Mary says you did."

I caught the sweet little questioner in my arms, and covered her face with kisses, while Mary, emboldened by the reception of her sister, crept close to me, too, although she looked as if she stood in momentary expectation of seeing me vanish into mid-air, with wings bursting out from my shoulders.

"No, little children, I am not an angel, only somebody who wants to be a very good friend to you, and mamma, if you will let me." And then I rose up to go, for the shadows were thickening in the corners of the room, and I knew they would be alarmed, if they learned my absence at home.

I slipped my purse into little Mary's hand, and whispered some words of encouragement to Mrs. Walters. I saw the light and gratitude kindle into her pale face, and my heart was very full of quiet peace, as I went down the rickety stairs, whispering, "It is better to give than to receive."

I found Meltha and Irene, just returned. Neither knew I had been out. On my table lay a letter containing twenty-five dollars, for an article I had sent the previous month to the publishers. They had doubled my remuneration this time. Flattering as the knowledge was, I rejoiced in it now, more for the sake of others, than for my own. "I know very well how I shall dispose of you," I soliloquized, rumpling the bills through my fingers. "As for a new silk dress, that of course mustn't be taken into account for the next six months. My black one looks very well, after all."

"Oh, those are beautiful cameos. Why, you never showed them to me before," said Meltha to Irene, as she came down dressed for the evening.

"I've had them only a short time, dear. How do you like them, Clyde?" and she went up to the window, where he was reading the evening paper.

"Very much. They are certainly in excellent taste. Oh!" as if a thought had struck him suddenly, "have you paid your dress-maker, Irene? Of course you haven't forgotten that."

"No—no! of course not." There was a little, nervous flutter in the voice that uttered the falsehood, and a little tinge of shame crept into the soft cheek, and then she who had stained her life with that foulest thing—a lie, turned round with some light badinage, to Alison, who just then came in.

But for me, I almost waited to hear the rustling of leaves, and the soft dropping of tears, as the angel wrote down those words, in the life-book of Irene Woolsey!

The next day, Mrs. Walters and her children, started for her father's home. I was quite fearful she would not endure the fatigue of the journey; but the thought of seeing her parent seemed to infuse new vitality into her weak frame, so I did not oppose her. No one knew of Mrs. Walters' departure but myself. That night, however, Irene had a letter from her father. "Now I can pay that Mrs. Walters, and have the matter off my mind," she murmured, as she sat all alone in her own room,

unfolding the bank notes. "It's too bad I had to tell Clyde that story about it; but he's so horribly particular, and then, there's no use denying it, I'm afraid of him, or of his opinions. But I'll send Biddy off, this minute with the money," and she rang the bell. In a little while Biddy returned with the information that the room was empty, and the Irish woman below said "the family were all gone."

CHAPTER XI.

The evening was stormy with wind and rain, closing up two weeks of that balmy, delicious autumn weather, in which the year, with its solemn, peaceful smile seems to say to our hearts, "It is finished."

None of us thought of leaving the house to-night, and it was very chilly in the parlor, so after supper we all gathered into the little alcove beyond it, where a bright grate fire wound its skeins of ruddy flame, through heaps of anthracite.

"Alison, won't you hand me my shawl?" said Mrs. Holmes, as she drew up shivering to the fire. "This weather reminds me very forcibly I ought to be on my way home."

"You're not strong enough to stand the journey yet, Lucy," said her brother-in-law. We shall have fine days yet, away into November."

"And cold ones, too, I imagine, brother; I never expect to see another November north of the Susquehanna. Next week I must start for home."

There was a chorus of regretful ejaculations and entreaties, but Mrs. Holmes only smiled and shook her head.

"How would you like sister and me for travelling companions, as far as Pennsylvania, Mrs. Holmes?" asked Clyde Woolsey. "We, too, must see our home before Saturday night of next week."

"Oh, Clyde!"

"Oh, Mr. Woolsey," simultaneously ejaculated Irene and Meltha.

He smiled down on them both; but the very smile prohibited farther discussion of the subject, or, at least indicated that it would be quite useless. "It is an unpleasant necessity, my dear young ladies, but I am imperatively summoned back, and Irene must not disappoint our father and mother."

"And Alison is going, too, with aunt! How we shall miss you all, how lonely the house will be!" said Meltha, the tears coming into her blue eyes.

"But you'll have Miss Lindsay, my dear," said her father.

She brightened up again, and ran round to me. "Yes, Ethel, we'll have such nice times together. You'll stay with me all winter, won't you?"

"Thank you, my dear; but what would the people at home say to that? Uncle Gerald's last letter says, 'they count the days to my return,' and I may look out for one of his kisses, by week after next. So you see I shall be the latest departure."

"How lonely I shall be! I don't believe any body in the world ever had so much trouble as I," throwing herself down on an ottoman, and laying her face on her father's knee, like a disappointed inconsolable child.

We all laughed outright at this.

"Well, it is too bad, daughter," said her father, stroking the bright hair of his pet. Never mind, if our friends all desert us, we'll have something to console us for it."

"Come," spoke out Alison, "I move that we don't pass the last days we're to be together in tears and lamentations. We ought to be as merry as we can to the end of the chapter. That's my philosophy, and there are more summers to come, because I saw next year's almanac in a book store down town. By-the-by, Ethel, I met your admirer in there, inquiring for albums with two gilded birds on the cover."

"My admirer! What do you mean, Alison?"

"As if you didn't understand me perfectly, for all you look so innocent and astonished. I'd like to know who it was that talked with you an hour at Miss Wilson's party—waited upon you to supper, and ———"

"Oh! he means papa's friend, Mr. Grandon, that old gentleman!" interrupted Meltha, with a deprecating pantomime. "Why he's at least fifty, and a widower. You wouldn't have a widower, would you, Ethel?"

"No, indeed, not if he were the best man in the world," and here all the romance of girlhood out-broke. "I wouldn't marry a man who had nothing but the ashes of his heart to give me, whose love and life, and poetry, were all buried with the wife of his first election, whose great jewels were the past, whose joys were only memories—no, indeed, I wouldn't marry a widower," I concluded, with a blush, for I met the half-curious, half-amused glance of Clyde Woolsey.

They all laughed at my earnestness. Mr. Herrick patted me on the shoulder, saying "It's well, my dear, I happen to be the only widower present, for I'm sure no other would be able to stand such an eloquent interdict as that.

Perhaps you'll change your mind some day, though, about widowers."

"No, she won't," answered Alison, coming round to us, and I felt somehow my cheek glow beneath his glance. "Ethel never shall marry a widower. I'll forbid the bans myself.—You're my protégé, you know, and I've a perfect right to do it," he added in an undertone.

"Lucy," Mr. Herrick spoke up suddenly as though something in the conversation had recalled the fact to his mind, "I was running my eyes over a London paper yesterday, which somebody had sent me, when I saw a notice of the death, of a Mrs. Morgan Steele, wife of a physician. Wasn't that the name of the gentleman who was engaged to Ruth Maltby?"

"Yes—why, Nathan Herrick, can it be possible!" said Mrs. Holmes raising both hands. "My poor Ruth! What if he should come to America, and they should meet?"

"I knew there was a romance somewhere in Aunt Ruth's life. Oh, Mrs. Holmes if you would only tell us about it!" And I threw myself down on a corner of the stool, where her feet were resting. "It's just the night for a story, too—weird, and wild, and stormy."

"Yes, do, aunty," chimed in Meltha. "You promised a long, long while ago, you'd tell me this story, and now's the time to redeem yourself. All in favor of hearing Aunt Lucy, please signify it by raising their right hand." Six right hands were simultaneously uplifted, and Mrs. Holmes smiled her acquiescence. So we all drew our chairs close around the great fire and while the wind battled along the streets, and the thick rain beat against the blinds, Mrs. Holmes drew her shawl around her with a little shiver, and commenced:

"Squire Maltby was a good man, but a very set one. You see we were neighbors in Ryegate, and I remember the old, rambling yellow house, with its gambol roof, and pea-green blinds, just as well as I do the little brown cottage, a quarter of a mile beyond it, which a certain young gentleman seeing for the first time last summer, said with a very perceptible curl of his under lip, 'mother can it be possible, you were born and brought up there?'"

Here we all turned and smiled significantly at Alison, but were too much interested to interrupt the story. "Ruth and I were inseparable companions, when we were children, and as we grew up into maiden-hood, our affection for each other underwent no change.

"Ruth Maltby at twenty was a lovely girl; and the old squire, her father, whose health

and vigor was now quite on the decline, almost worshipped his daughter. In the early summer of this year, Mr. Steele an English gentleman, with his son Morgan, came to Ryegate to pass the summer months, ostensibly for the health of the elder gentleman; but it was rumored throughout the village, that some heavy debts which he had contracted in gambling, made it necessary he should leave his native country. Although these reports were well authenticated, Mr. Steele had the air and appearance of a thorough-bred gentleman, and he soon gained admittance to the best society of the village.

"His son, Morgan Steele, upon whom, whatsoever might be said of his father, no shadow of reproach had ever fallen, was a great social acquisition to any circle. How well I can see him. Tall, graceful, fine looking, with intellectual endowments, and conversational powers of a high order—it was no wonder that he won the general admiration of the village girls, that summer.

"I believe he first met Ruth Maltby at a picnic, and the squire's daughter and the young Englishman were from the first interested in each other.

"I was visiting an aunt of my mother's at this time, and did not see Mr. Steele until I returned, when Ruth came round to our house to pass the day, and in the evening he called to accompany her home.

"I was pleased with him at our first interview; but Ruth had many admirers, and although for the next month the young foreigner's attentions to her were the subject of much village gossip, I paid little attention to it, perhaps, because I was in a good deal of anxiety and doubt about my own personal matters at that time.

"One summer afternoon, however, I was sitting with her in the front chamber of the yellow farm-house. We were both sewing a little, and talking a great deal. My seat was close by the window, that looked off on the road, upon which I suddenly descried a gentleman on horseback. As he came opposite the house he drew up his reins, looked eagerly at the windows, and on seeing me, bowed almost to his saddle, flung me two or three swift kisses, and rode hastily away.

"Why, if that wasn't Mr. Steele' I ejaculated in surprise. 'I didn't know as he was so audacious as that, though.'

"Where! where! Lucy!" and Ruth sprang to the window with the blood brightening over her face.

"But she was too late. He had just turned the angle of the road. 'He tossed me several kisses as he rode by. Don't you think it was really impertinent, Ruth? We are so little acquainted.'

"He probably mistook you for me,' she replied, stitching away very diligently.

"Something in her manner, I cannot tell what, aroused my suspicions, and the reports I had vaguely listened to now came back to my mind.

"I went up to her, drew the work from her hands, and looking straight in her eyes, said, 'Now, tell me, Ruth, darling, just how much you think of Morgan Steele?'

"Well, turn your head away, and I will try to.'

"I laid my head in her lap, she leaned down to me, and in a soft, quivering whisper came the answer—'I love him better, Lucy, than any one in the world.'

"I sprang to my feet in astonishment. 'And he, Ruth, does he know of this?'

"There was a smile of womanly pride on the gentle lips. 'Of course he does, Lucy, or you would not.'

"Then, after my first exclamations of wonderment were over, she told me all about her engagement with the young Englishman. How we sat there and talked while the great beach tree in the front yard cast its long shadows on the carpet.

"Ruth was very happy in this new love, reciprocated with so much ardor and devotedness; but I felt there was, after all, a something of shadow and trembling through all the brightness that filled her heart.

"You know, Lucy,' she said, half to me, half to herself, as though she were answering the doubts of her own heart, 'dear papa is growing old, and like all aged people, he has opinions and prejudices which it is almost impossible to overcome. Then, too, Englishmen were always his especial aversion, and though he cannot help admiring Morgan, the old dislike will revive, and it is very hard for him to consent to my marrying a foreigner. Some reports, too, that he has heard of Morgan's father, give him a good deal of uneasiness. Of course, I don't believe a word of these, and if they were true, the son is surely not to blame for the sins of the father; but papa does not think so.'

"I forget what reply I made to all this, it was half congratulatory, half consoling, probably, for Ruth and I loved as women do not often love each other.

"And now, I am coming to a very painful

part of my story, a part which has made Ruth Maltby, instead of a happy, wedded wife, an old maid all the days of her life. Even now I cannot bear to think of this time. I must hurry briefly over it.

"The elder Mr. Steele went to New York, and, amid the temptations of the city, and away from his son's influence, his old habits of gambling returned; he lost large sums of money. Pressed by his creditors, he at last committed forgery. This was discovered, but he managed to make his escape as far as Maryland. Here, while he was stopping at a country tavern, somewhere in the interior of the State, his son went to visit him, with the intention of assisting his father to leave the country.

"The unhappy man heard his name called, and supposing that the officers of justice had discovered his retreat—I cannot tell the rest, children," said Aunt Lucy, speaking in a quick, faint voice—"when Morgan Steele sprang into the chamber, he found his father lying on the floor, the fresh blood weltering from his heart—he had shot himself.

"The night before the young man had left Ryegate in search of his father, he had a long interview with Ruth, and acquainted her with his parent's crime. It was a terrible disclosure for the proud, high-born man, one that lowered his head with shame, and stained his cheek with terrible tears, but the heart of his listener was the heart of a woman.

"Under the old beech tree in the summer night, Ruth Maltby looked up—her soft eyes laden with her woman's devotion—into the face of her betrothed, and answered him: 'Through good and through evil report I will go with you to the end.'

"In less than two weeks later Squire Maltby learned of the Englishman's crime and suicide.

"The name of Maltby was an honest name always," he said, drawing up his tall frame, and shaking his fine, old, gray head. "It shall not be disgraced now. No daughter of mine shall ever marry the son of a criminal."

"But Morgan is not to blame for the sins of his father, and no matter whose son he is, I am proud of him. I glory in his love more than in anything else in the world," pleaded, with white cheeks and glowing eyes, his daughter.

"But the old squire was inflexible. Night after night the lamps burned late in the yellow house, while Ruth prayed and pleaded with her father; and at midnight a pallid, trembling girl stole up stairs, with these last words of

the squire ringing in her ears—"Remember, Ruth, if you go to the altar with that man, the blessing of your old father will not go with you."

"At last Morgan returned. His first meeting with his betrothed was, of course, a very painful one, but there was comfort for him in the truth that looked up to him from her soft eyes.

"He was anxious to leave a country where he had suffered so much, and to return to his native land, so he urged their immediate union. In this trying emergency, when Ruth felt her lover needed her tenderness more than any thing on earth, one thing only made her hesitate—it was the thought of her father.

"Morgan Steele observed it, and, of course, he was now in that morbid state of sensitiveness which makes one unjust and suspicious towards everybody. Poor man! he had cause enough, though.

"Ruth," he said, drawing himself up haughtily, with a quiver of wounded pride in his tones, "I can only give you two days to consider this matter—to decide between your father and me, between remaining the daughter of an honest man, or becoming the wife of one who has nothing but his stained name to offer you."

"And I should be prouder of that name than of the title of empress, but my father, Morgan; it will break his heart if I should leave him."

"At another time Morgan Steele might have felt the harrowing position of his betrothed; but he did not now; his father's disgrace was uppermost in his own mind, and this blinded and warped all his other perceptions. He would not retract what he had spoken; he left Ruth pale, bowed down, almost distracted by the great rush of conflicting feelings and duties.

"The next day she told her father all. It was a fearful scene the old sitting-room witnessed. 'I have sounded my own heart, I cannot give up Morgan. Let me go with your blessing, father?' pleaded the poor girl.

"And then the old man pushed back the gray hairs from his forehead, and bade his daughter look in his face. 'It will only be a little while,' he said, 'before the sods are piled thick above it. Oh, Ruth! when your old father comes to die, shall he look around for your face, his youngest born, his best-beloved, to smile once more upon him? Don't leave me, Ruth. I repeat, it won't be long I shall ask you to stay, anyhow, and when I go home

to your mother in Heaven, and she asks me about our little girl, let me say "I died with her arms about me," and not "she left me all alone, and went with a stranger to a strange country." And Ruth listened to these words, and looked on her father's shaking head, and wished that she, too, might die.

"I do not know (none but God ever did,) how much of struggle and suffering poor Ruth Maltby went through with during the long, sleepless hours of the night that followed. Much prayer must have brought her something of strength and peace, for the next morning a pale face and a shivering figure crept up to her father's side, and whispered solemnly:

"Father, I will not go with Morgan. God helping me, I will stay with you as long as you live." And the old man put his arms round her and blessed her.

"That night Morgan Steele came and heard the resolution of his betrothed. I do not know what occurred in this interview, but I do know that Morgan left his betrothed with so much tenderness and anger at strife in his heart, that I believe the former *must* have triumphed, had he not met Squire Maltby in the hall.

"The old man, whom age and infirmities had reduced to his second childhood, regarded the younger with prejudices that almost amounted to hatred, and his undeserved reproaches stung the proud spirit of Morgan Steele beyond endurance. Ruth had gone into the back garden, and knew nothing of this, or she would have prevented it; but some allusion that the squire made to the life of Morgan's father finished the work.

"I will never see your daughter again, sir," said the young Englishman, tossing down Ruth's miniature on the table. 'Please to give her this, and tell her I start day after to-morrow for England,' and he was gone. Late, very late that night, just as I was retiring, there was a low knock at my chamber-door, and Ruth Maltby crept into my room. Her face was white as the dead, and there was a strange, wild glitter in her eyes, that terrified me.

"What is the matter, Ruth?" I cried springing toward her.

"She grasped both my hands in hers, and wrung them hard, as she whispered hoarsely, 'Morgan's gone, he's gone forever! Oh, Lucy, how my heart aches!'"

Here Mrs. Holmes completely broke down again, and cried still for two or three minutes, as did several of her auditors. At last she resumed her story again.

"We passed the night together. I need

hardly say it was a sleepless one to both of us. I tried to comfort her. I hardly know whether I succeeded.

"Well, things went on as usual, and the summer glowed into autumn, and the autumn paled into winter. I saw Ruth almost every day. She went about the house pale and quiet, and there was a look of quiet, learned through the 'patience of anguish,' that pained me much more than any words could have done.

"She did not often speak of Morgan, only, once in a while she would press her hand tightly to her side, and say: 'Oh, Lucy, my heart aches! my heart aches!' and there would be such a look in her face—it makes me shudder now, to think of it.

"The squire's health grew feebler with the waning of the year, and the neighbors knew long before Ruth did, that he would never see another spring. He could not bear to have his child out of his sight a moment. All his old pride and sternness seemed to have vanished, and his dim eyes watched her with exceeding fondness, as she moved about the room.

"At last death came for him. When the winter snows were piled thick over the earth, the old squire went up to the banks that are green with the eternal summer, with his head lying on the heart that had sacrificed so much for his sake.

"After the squire's death, Gerald and his wife remained several months at the old homestead. It was necessary the estate should be settled, and Ruth could not be persuaded to go to the parsonage before the next summer.

"During this time she had never received a message from Morgan Steele; but whenever she heard the post-boy's horn there would be a sudden lifting of the head, and gathering of light into her face; and I knew what thought warmed and brightened, away down in her heart.

"I, too, was very hopeful for her. I did not doubt but Morgan would return some time, and that all would be well in the end with the friend of my youth.

"One day, it was when the spring had brightened into May, and the fruit-trees around our house shook down flakes of white and crimson with every puff of wind, I went over to the squire's house. Ruth was out in the garden, tying up a rose bush round the kitchen window, and the soft influences of the day must have crept into her heart, for she was looking happier than I had seen her for a long time.

"As we stood there, Gerald came along with a packet of papers, he had just brought from the post-office. Ruth took one of these, and ran her eyes over the columns, while Gerald and I chatted together.

"Suddenly there was a shriek breaking out sharp, and wild, and bitter, upon the hush of that May air—the cry of a heart wounded unto death; and when we turned round, Ruth Maltby's head was lying on the short spring grass, and she did not know us.

"We carried her into the house, our lips dumb with wonder and fear. The paper was clutched tightly in her hands. I drew it away, and the first paragraph my eyes rested on informed me of the marriage of Morgan Steele with an English lady. I showed it to Gerald, and then, as I looked through my tears on the white young face beneath me, I almost prayed that God would take Ruth Maltby to her father and mother in Heaven.

"But my prayer was not granted. Ruth woke up at last, but afterwards she was ill for a long time. I feared her mind and spirits would never regain their tone.

"Early in June Gerald returned with her to the parsonage. After this I did not see her for three years; I was a wife and a mother, then, myself. The great sorrow of her life had written itself on her face; it was full of peace and content, but the old sunshine and laughter never shone in the eyes of Ruth Maltby again.

"'Perfect through much suffering;' these words seemed always sounding through my heart when I looked at her. She found the true balm, my children; the balm gathered from flowers that blossom neither on the mountains or in the valleys, or among the meadows of this world."

"But was nothing ever heard of Morgan Steele, Mrs. Holmes?" I asked, having listened with breathless interest to every word.

"Yes, Ethel. About five years' after his marriage he came to America, bringing his wife with him. She was a fair young English girl, with blue eyes and golden hair, looking, I imagine, very much as Meltha does.

"A friend of mine met him at a watering-place, where he stopped for a short time. Some allusion that was inadvertently made by Morgan to our village, opened the way to further conversation, and Morgan made many inquiries respecting the old squire and Ruth. He was greatly surprised to find the former was dead, and some expression in his face when he spoke of Ruth awakened the curiosity of my friend, who knew nothing of his pre-

vious history. We learned afterwards, however, that his chief object in visiting America was to defray all the debts which his father had contracted; for Morgan Steele had become a successful physician in London."

"And did Aunt Ruth know of this?"

"Yes. I told her. 'He was an honorable man, I knew it, Lucy,' she said, with such a glow of pride and tenderness sparkling through her tears, that my heart ached again, perhaps worse than hers did, for Ruth had learned that sweetest, grandest lesson of life—'PEACE.'"

For a little while no one broke the silence. The story had spoken to all our hearts, and we sat still, looking into the flames, and listening to the storm and the rain as they struggled against the windows.

"Come, let's have some lively music," spoke out Irene, after a long yawn. "Alison, do come into the parlor, and sing with us."

So all the young people went into the parlor, and the four voices blended with the rich-toned piano, and swelled out into the little alcove, in strains of sad, or sweet, or joyous melody, that shut out all sounds of the storm outside. They sang and played for an hour or two, and then, somewhat to my surprise, Clyde Woolsey came and took a seat in the corner close by me.

"There is room enough; don't make yourself uneasy," he said, with a half smile, as I drew my chair a little closer to the grate.

We chatted together on indifferent subjects a little while. Then there came a pause, and I sat still, and he looked into the grate. There was little expression, then, on that strong, pale, clearly-cut profile, and I had no key to interpret the character beneath it.

But he surprised and puzzled me, this strange Clyde Woolsey, with his quiet, self-constrained manner, his independent opinions, and his strong will, that made even his proud sister bend to it.

Suddenly he turned his face towards me. "Well, on the whole, what do you think of me?"

I stammered—"I was not thinking of you, Mr. Woolsey."

He looked at me a moment with those calm, deep eyes steadily. I had inadvertently told an untruth; but I should have retracted it in a moment without that gaze.

"Yes, I was thinking of you," stimulated into unusual boldness, "and that you are a very singular person. I do not understand you."

"And you do not like me, either, and that is the reason you are so shy of me."

"No," I answered, my thoughts recurring to the conversation on the evening of the party.

"It is not that I dislike you, but —"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Alison, as he came behind my chair. "I don't think you are very polite to stay here, and not even compliment our music by listening to it."

I looked up; there was certainly a cloud on the brow of the spoiled child.

"Oh, I have been listening, Alison, I assure you, and enjoying the music, as I have only a few times in my life."

"I imagined so, when I came out, and you were so engrossed in your conversation, you did not even hear my approach." There was undisguised petulance in his tones.

I could not understand it, and looking up I met the eyes of Clyde Woolsey. There was the shadow of a smile on his lips. I felt rather than perceived it, and then as the two young men stood there together, the great antithesis in their natures struck me for the first time.

They were about the same height, of the same age, and of equal social position; but one was outward, magnetic, effervescent; the other, quiet, introverted, self-reliant; and yet, both in their way, very fascinating.

While these thoughts were flashing across my mind, Irene and Meltha bounded up to us.

"I think you are chivalric gentlemen, both of you," pouted the beauty, "to go off in this way, and leave Meltha and me to entertain ourselves."

"I assure you, my sole object in doing so was to bring back these delinquents, fair Queen of Melody," answered Alison, with one of his inimitable bows.

This gallant speech, somehow, failed to propitiate the lady. She glanced half-angrily toward me, as though I was in some wise responsible for Alison's inattentions. "You need not have troubled yourself on my account," she answered, ironically. "I never seek any but willing and appreciative subjects—come," her brow, brightened "let's have a game of chess."

"But what will you do, Ethel?" asked Alison, for I could not play.

"Oh, I'll finish this story I began yesterday," taking up a book that lay on the quartette.

"Do go now."

But I did not read much that evening. A new light began slowly to dawn into my mind. Could it be possible that Irene Woolsey was jealous of me? I glanced across at the graceful head that leaned over the chess-board, at

the brilliant face, with its bewitching, smiles that looked up to Alison Holmes, and a thousand circumstances rose to confirm my suspicions.

"She's in love with him. I see it all, now; and she thinks that I——" I would not allow even my thoughts to give definiteness to this feeling, that, nevertheless, sent a warm glow to my cheek, and a light about my heart. So I sat and dreamed by the dancing fire, dim, happy, impalpable dreams, that I could not have embodied in words; and just beyond me the two games progressed slowly, intermingled with playful sallies, and snatches of song, and bursts of light laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEARL FISHERY.

ACAPULCO is celebrated for the pearls which are found on some islands lying twenty or thirty miles off. The fishery is carried on in a very simple manner, by men who dive seventy or eighty feet deep into the sea, taking with them knives to loosen the pearl-oysters from the rocks, and baskets to put them in, and, after remaining below one or two minutes, they come to the surface again, with or without booty. The chief danger of the pearl fisher is from sharks, which swarm round the coast, but which the fishers are very dexterous in escaping from. They always take with them a long, rounded piece of wood, which, when they cannot get away by swimming or diving, they stick into the open jaws of the monster as he comes towards them, and they have then plenty of time to escape before he can recover from his peculiar kind of locked jaw. The pearls are found, not in the shell, as is often asserted, but in the animal itself; the shells contain only mother-of-pearl. In many shells there is a kind of excrescence like pearl, but not really such: it proceeds from some other animal, and resembles the excrescences on leaves and plants. Although every one of these oysters contains the material of pearl, and sometimes as much as eight or nine, a fisherman may bring up many before he is lucky enough to get a really fine one; and the more there are in an oyster the more certain it is that none of them are of much value.—[*A Lady's Second Voyage Round the World.*]

THE eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine that it discovers the minutest particles, without comprehending the whole or discerning the general harmony.

UP IN THE PASTURE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PLEASANT memory! of autumn noons and spring mornings, and June twilights—times golden with the blessed sunshine of happiness. Memories of the musical dropping of nuts upon the turf, tinged purple with the frost's breath; of wide-spreading trees, whispering their low, sweet anthems to the friendly breezes; of gray rocks, enamelled with hoary lichens and crimson mosses; of little, singing brooks, creeping and winding their silver threads with the dark shadows of the great maples.

Up in the pasture! How I go back in imagination to the days when not a cloud floated athwart the blue sky of my existence—when the moonlight looked fairer because the eyes which loved it were undimmed with tears.

Oh! the delightful strolls in the early June mornings through the vast, woody cathedral, where the wind's wild hand played the mighty organ, and the blue heavens were the dome which echoed, and the giant trees were the devout worshippers! And the note of a stray bird pouring its silvery rhythm in the grand, holy calms of the organ—oh! it seemed like the answering symphony of angels!

And in the green month of May how fragrant were the mossy knolls with the breath of the arbutus—the pure, waxen blossom coming to proclaim very softly the downfall of winter. And the sunny nooks were full of violets, fragile and blue; and, perchance, close beside them, thousands of the little, gold-eyed star-flower.

Up in the pasture! How the waters leaped there; and there the birds sang as they sang no where else—so sweet, and clear, and strong. And there was a fragrant carpet of the cast-off robes of the gummy pines covering the earth; and on the brown ground-work the up-springing yellow crow's-foot, and the wild coriander carved a rich mosaic. And the red cows, and the brindle oxen, and the sleepy white horse, come to lie down in the broad shade of the hawthorne, and the sheep stand musing on the highest hill-top; and over all the sunshine threw its veil of gold and shadow, and God and the angels, maybe, paused to listen to the great waves of psalmody which floated from earth up to the Divine Mountains.

But the blue eyes of the yellow-haired girl who wandered in the pasture years ago, and the brown eyes of the raven-haired girl who walked by her side, are closed now; they both

were beautiful, and both were laid in the ground under the hazels. And for years they have been walking over bright lands where drought and desolation come not, and there is no winter, and no cessation of melody! Walking amid the feathery palms and the green cedars in the fresh pastures of the Unseen Land.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there are as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares to keep that which they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—[Isaak Walton.

EARLY RISING.—I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable, and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself. —[Lord Chatham.

THE TEACHINGS OF THREE WEEKS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I DECLARE, I don't quite like this," soliloquised Mrs. Wilmer, a wife of three months, as she walked up and down her tastefully-furnished parlor, one pleasant summer afternoon. She was a little, graceful woman, with a face that owed most of its charm to its brightness and vivacity, for though the mouth looked like a cleft rose-bud, with a stray sunbeam in its heart, and the eyes were blue as the skies that strike out from the edges of some May-cloud, Marion Wilmer's face had little of bloom or regularity of feature.

She was a warm-hearted, impulsive, girl-woman, who loved her husband with all that strength and devotion which makes a woman cling to a man "through good and through evil," sacrificing and suffering for him to the end of her life.

So Marion Wilmer loved her husband. But she had been tenderly cared for, and petted through all her childhood; she was accustomed to receive many sacrifices from, and make few for others; then, like so many, many other characters, full of beautiful impulses, her principles had never been highly educated, and she was not in the habit of analyzing her own feelings.

Frederic Wilmer was a proud and happy husband, loving his young wife almost to idolatry, and never dreaming that she might be at times, a little exacting and selfish in her demands on his love. Now, it is certain that a heart that has room only for one affection cannot be a very large one, and newly married women would do very well to remember this. A wife should, of course, have the first place in her husband's heart, the chief seat at his table, "the best rooms there, and the prettiest furniture;" but there are guests' seats, too, and rooms beyond, and surely that love which ignores every other tie, demanding all for itself, is self-love, which is selfishness. There are other gems besides the diamond; and this may not lose any of its worth or brilliancy because it is set in the midst of them.

There was a shadow on the brow of Mrs. Wilmer, that day, as she walked up and down the parlor, with the heavily carved sofas on one side, and the crimson-cushioned chairs and marble tables on the other. It was the heaviest that had been there since that morning when she turned away from the altar with Frederic Wilmer, a newly-made wife.

"I think it's too bad that Charlie Stevens"—continued the lady, swinging absently in one hand a locket containing her husband's likeness and hair—"should take up so much of Fred's time. Now, they've gone off on this fishing frolic, I shan't see any more of him till night, I s'pose. I know Fred's very fond of fishing, and it's the first time he's gone since he's been married; but then, don't Charles take him once a week to the Association, and there's always something coming on; some meeting, or supper, or nobody knows what. I think after a man's married, he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this, and let him alone. I can't have others set up their claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain, and I do just wish I could devise something to keep Charles Stevens away from me. Fred has me, (bless his heart,) and that ought, of course, to satisfy him."

She was still for a moment, but the cloud did not lighten on that fair brow, and no smile wavered over the settled lips, or in the musing eyes that searched without seeing the figures on the Turkey carpet; for pretty Mrs. Wilmer, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, was actually jealous of her husband's regard for Charles Stevens; she really believed (why will women be so petty and narrow-minded?) that this lessened by so much his affection for herself, took away something that belonged exclusively to herself.

Now Frederic Wilmer and Charles Stevens had known each other from childhood, and there was something beautiful in the brotherly attachment that had grown and strengthened between them from boyhood. They would "have gone to the world's end to help each other." The young merchant had been, indeed, under large obligations to Charles Stevens for procuring assistance at an important crisis in his business. The friends of both the young men often laughingly protested that as they could not marry each other, they would not marry at all; but Frederic Wilmer had proven the fallacy of this assertion, for the blue eyes of Marion Worth had won a place in his heart which his friend had never occupied.

Charles had congratulated Frederic warmly when he heard of the engagement, although it may be the young man conquered a secret pang when he remembered the evenings they used to pass together, and thought how sel-

dom Frederic now ever spared him one from his betrothed.

Well, the young people were married, and went to housekeeping. Charles was a tolerable frequent guest here, and admired Marion greatly; but that jealousy, how prejudiced and unjust, and evil it makes one. She did not reciprocate this feeling. And she ought to have rejoiced greatly over this brotherly bond, to have strengthened it by every word and deed in her power. But, alas! for our humanity.

"There, that will be just the thing," said Mrs. Wilmer, swinging her locket and chate-laine vehemently. "I'll give that party next week, and not invite him. It'll be a pretty strong hint as to my wishes respecting his future relations with my husband; but what'll Fred say? No matter, it'll be very easy to make him promise I shall give out all the invitations, and that he'll not allude to the party to a human being. Then, when he finds Charlie Stevens isn't here, he'll certainly be surprised, and, of course, he won't like it; but I guess a little of my coaxing will make the matter all right;" and she smiled; but, somehow, that smile did not brighten the face of Marion Wilmer, as her smiles usually did.

"I'm in a prodigious hurry, Stevens, and I can't stay, indeed I can't, to discuss the matter now;" and the young man hurried from the desk where Charles Stevens was sitting—for he was clerk in a bank. "See here," the speaker turned round suddenly, "we'll settle the thing to-night at Wilmer's. I've had an invitation, though we're mere acquaintances, for it's to be a large party, and I'll see you there, of course."

The young man looked up with a question on his lips, but his friend was gone.

"It must have been an oversight on all sides, or else it's all his wife's doings," mused the young clerk, as he dipped his pen in the ink-stand, and ran up the line of figures on the book before him for the tenth time, although the sum involved no rule but that of simple addition. "It struck me the last time I was there, that the lady wasn't very cordial"—his brow lowered. "Well, there's one thing, if they treated me to such a marked slight as this, I shan't trouble them very soon again, that's certain. But then, there's Fred, it'll go hard, oh, so very hard to give him up. Hang the whole race of women, I say! and yet, if he deserts me, my best resource, I'm thinking, will be to take one of them 'for better, for worse.'"

"Well, haven't we had a good time, Fred?" and the young wife threw herself down on a small divan by the side of her husband, and surveyed, with real pleasure, the disordered parlors, and the tables confusedly scattered over with heaps of china, and glass, and silver, intermixed with broken forms of cake, and fruit, and cream.

"Yes; a most delectable one, and do you know what I thought when you stood at the table, Marion?" looking down, and smiling with the dark eyes in her face.

"No—something I shall like to hear, I know."

"That there were a great many lovely women around me, but none, after all, who could compare with a certain Marion Wilmer."

"Oh, Fred! did you think that?" and she looked doubly beautiful now, with the blush coming up into her blue eyes, and the blush into her fair cheeks.

"I did, most assuredly, dear. But"—abruptly changing the subject—"it's very strange Charlie Stevens wasn't here to-night. I missed the old fellow all the time; perhaps he's ill. I must go round to the bank to-morrow morning, and see what the matter can be."

Marion blushed again—not from pleasure, this time, and for a moment she wished that she had asked her husband's friend to the party; but the truth must come out, now. "Fred, you remember you told me I might give out all the invitations to this party?"

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't invite Charles Stevens."

"Didn't invite *him*, Marion?" in a tone between surprise and displeasure. "What in the world prevented you?"

"Because—because—Fred, I don't like him as well as you do. He comes here, and takes you away from me every few evenings, and seems to consider his claims greater than my own."

Frederic gave a significant whistle.

"Now, don't look so cross, Fred," pleaded the wife, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Marion, I would not have had you done this thing for a thousand parties," he said, sternly. "Charlie Stevens is a true friend to me—would go farther to serve me than all the people together who were here to-night."

This praise was not pleasant to the young wife. A little frown gathered over her face. "I think you set quite too much store by this friend of yours," she said. "I can't, for my part, see in what his great merit or attractions consist."

"In his noble soul and his warm heart, Marion. I must call upon him to-morrow, and make up this matter, somehow. It'll be a disagreeable business, though."

Marion burst into tears. "And make your wife ridiculous by throwing the blame on her. I would not have believed you would do this, Fred, even for Charles Stevens' sake."

Her tears softened the young husband at once, and he was ready to promise almost anything to call back the old smiles to that bright face; then he saw clearly that he could not apologise to his friend without implicating Marion, and he finally concluded to let the matter drop, hoping that Charlie would hear nothing about the party; and so Marion Wilmer had triumphed; with her woman's arts and tears she had come between her husband and the best friend he had on earth. How many a wife has done this thing!

Frederic Wilmer and Charles Stevens did not meet for several days after this; and when the former called to invite his friend to dine with him, he felt at once that he was no longer the Charles Stevens of the old time. He talked and joked after the old fashion, and said the old words, but his manner and even his very smile had lost their old heartiness; and Frederic *felt* it all.

Men have not the tact of women in making graceful apologies, or getting out of an awkward dilemma. The young merchant had it several times at "his tongue's end" to allude to the party, and apologise in some way for the inadvertency on his part. But he could not implicate Marion, and he was too conscientious to tell a falsehood. So they parted, and Charles Stevens did not come to dinner, because an imperative engagement prevented, and after this Marion had Frederic all the evenings to herself.

"I'm very sorry you can't go, Marion; but I'll run down and tell them not to wait for me, as I shan't leave you alone."

"Yes you will, Fred," answered Marion, lifting her head from the pillow, and faintly smiling. "I shall sleep until your return, so your being here will do me no good—kiss me now and run off."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had ridden down with a large party to the shore that day; but she had been taken ill with a severe headache, to which she was subject, and obliged to keep her chamber, in the hotel, while the rest of the party were preparing to go off on a sailing excursion.

"Well, then, if you insist upon my going, good bye;" and Frederic Wilmer laid back the uplifted hand very tenderly on the pillow, and left his young wife to that best physician of head and heart aches, *Sleep*.

When the young man reached the shore, he found a large addition had just been made to the party, and of this latter, was his old friend, Charles Stevens. They met cordially, of course, with mutual expressions of surprise and pleasure, which were interrupted by the hurried preparations to embark.

The sail-boat was not large, and when all the ladies were seated, the boatmen thought it unsafe to put off with so large a company, so some half-dozen of the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat that lay tied to the shore near them, and among these were Charles Stevens and Frederic Wilmer.

It was a beautiful day, as those two boats swept from the shore, the one riding the waves with her white sails leaping to the wind, and her green sides breasting the blue waters, as though she knew and rejoiced in the world of proud manhood and womanly loveliness she carried with her.

The other boat was a diminutive little affair, quite filled by the six gentlemen on board of her, who waved their hats to the ladies, and plied their oars right bravely, as they followed in the wake of the others.

The afternoon wore brightly on; but, at last the wind sprang up and strengthened; and thick black clouds began to pile themselves in the sky. The two boats had separated long before this; but now both were turned homeward. Fiercer and fiercer stormed the wind, hurling the waves up madly, and the boats now far apart rocked and quivered as they ploughed through the white foam.

Frederic Wilmer and Charles Stevens, were the only two on board the smaller boat, who understood perfectly how to manage her, and she was by no means well constructed to ride against the wind. Two of the gentlemen thoughtlessly attempted to rise, grew dizzy, lost their equilibrium, and in attempting to regain it, fell to one side, nearly capsizing the boat. In Fred's alarm the oar fell from his hand into the sea; he leaned over, making a quick, blind motion to secure it once more—the boat dipped again, and this time when she righted, Frederic Wilmer was in the sea.

He was not an expert swimmer, and after battling a moment with those wild waves he went down, and there was none to save him.

The men in the boat sat horror-bound. None

of them except Charles Stevens could swim well, and the shore was far off; it would have been certain death to have committed themselves to the waves.

Frederic Wilmer rose again; and Charles Stevens saw that wild, white uplifted face—the face that had beamed up along his path, from boy into manhood—and his heart stood still for pity.

A moment more and he had thrown down the oar, and sprung into the waves. He clutched the young merchant by his long hair, and beat out for the shore. It was a terrible struggle for life. Frederic was completely exhausted, and soon little more than a dead weight upon his friend, but courage and skill triumphed at last, and thoroughly exhausted himself, Charles Wilmer drew his friend upon the shore.

"My husband, my husband! is he drowned?"

White as the dead were Marion Wilmer's lips, as they asked this question, while she stood upon the wet sands, with the wind and the rain beating through her long, unbound hair.

The storm had roused her from her sleep, and she had rushed out on the piazza, straining her eyes for the large vessel which was not in sight, and in which she fully believed her husband had sailed with the party. She observed the smaller boat, and thought it was filled by a company of fishermen, who would understand managing it well enough. But her eyes were bent in another direction, and it was not until the swimmers nearly reached the shore, that they attracted their attention.

Suddenly a change came over her face. She grasped the railing of the piazza, and gazed with distended eyes and quivering lips on the two heads, that one moment rose, and the next were buried under the spray.

It was some distance to the shore, and the young men reached it before she did, though she rushed almost like a spirit over the sharp rocks, and wet sands,

"No, he'll revive soon, don't be alarmed," Charles Wilmer answered the frightened wife, and then, fell down on the ground, overcome by his long struggle with the waves.

There was help at hand, and the two men were conveyed to the hotel, and in a short time both were restored to consciousness, to learn that the storm had abated, and both the boats after imminent peril reached the shore.

It was evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, with Charles Stevens, sat together in one of the chambers of the hotel.

"Charles, my dear old fellow, to think I owe my life to you!" said the young merchant, lifting up his pale face, from the hand that rested on the arm of his chair, for he had not yet regained his strength. "There are debts too great for a man ever to cancel; there is a gratitude too deep for words. Charlie what shall I say to you!"

"Nothing at all, Fred. It is enough of reward to me to think that I saved you."

"And to-night if it were not for you, Charles, (she had never called him Charles before) instead of sitting here by Fred's side, a happy, happy wife, I should have been ———," the lady could not finish the sentence, for the tears that sprang up from her heart into her eyes—those eyes that bent down on the young man, from their blue depths a glance of gratitude, that he thought repaid him fully for all he had done.

He smiled lightly. "You would have made a charming widow, certainly, Mrs. Wilmer; but, notwithstanding, I had rather see you a loving wife."

And then, the memory of their recent neglect of Charles Stevens smote the heart of both husband and wife; but Marion felt it far more keenly of the two. She was an impulsive little woman, and in her gratitude for the life more precious than her own, which he had saved, her pride entirely vanished, and she determined to confess the wrong she had done the preserver of her husband.

"I am very much ashamed of it, but I can't keep it back now," she said, turning round her tearful face, and flashing up through it her smiles on the young man; but I was really jealous of you Charles, and—when I gave my last party, I just didn't invite you, because I thought my husband would care less for me, if he loved you so much.

"It was very, very wicked, and how God has punished me for this feeling; but still if you knew what a young wife's tenderness is for her husband, you would not find it so hard to—do what, with these tears of penitence and shame I ask you now—forgive me."

"To be sure I will," answered the hearty tones of Charles Stevens, as he lifted the little, hand Marion Wilmer had lain in his to his lips.

"We will never speak of it any more."

And then, Frederic Wilmer rose up and stepped toward them. He took the hand of his wife, and the hand of Charles Wilmer, and clasped them both together. "We have been brothers all our lives, Charlie," he said, "and it is right now I should bring you a sister. It

is the best, the only reward that I can bring you."

And Charles Stevens drew his arm around Marion Wilmer. "Marion, my sister!"

"Charles, my brother!" and so there was "peace" between them.

"And now, you may take Fred to the club, and the association, and to all the fishing and hunting frolics in Christendom, for all I shall care," laughed Marion.

"Look here, I don't know but the tables

will be turned, and I shall be jealous of you, Charlie, Marion is so willing to turn me off."

Mrs. Wilmer clapped her hands in her own dainty, graceful fashion, and laughed a laugh so full, and sweet, and frolicsome, that both the listeners could not choose but join in it.

But Marion's bright face grew sober again as she said, "I shall never forget the lesson which the last three weeks have taught me."

And she did not; she was never jealous of Charles Stevens again.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

MY ADOPTED SISTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I THINK I must have been a strange child. I *know* I was not always a happy one, and my pleasures and my employments were not at all like other children's. I was dreamy and silent, and sometimes people used to shake their heads at me in a very mysterious manner, which I did not at all comprehend.

Then I was very shy of strangers; perhaps this was on account of my lameness, and because they used to stare at my crutches. I was an only child, for my mother died when I was an infant, and my old nurse, Alsie, used to say, that the hour she died she placed me in my father's arms, and pushing back the golden hair from her fair forehead, with hands that dropped down never to lift themselves again she said to him: "William, for *my* sake be very tender of our child, for he is all I have to leave you."

My father was a silent, undemonstrative man. I believe he set more store by me than he did by anything else in the world; but I had my mother's warm, dreamy character, and *she* could have sympathised with me. I was two years old, when, playing on the piazza one day, I met with that fall which, after many months of suffering, made me a cripple for life.

My father was a rich man, and I never had an outward want that was not gratified. We lived in a gray stone house, with a long park at the side that sloped gradually down to the river, which was hidden among young birches and swamp willows, and I have sat on the shores, and dreamed away the long summer afternoons; looking up through the rustling leaves to the blue sky, and watching the singing birds, and yellow butterflies, as they glanced over my head. I think this was my favorite enjoyment when I was not reading.

Alsie, my mother's nurse, and my own, was very kind to me. She was an English woman, and I used to lie awake at night, and listen to the long stories she would tell me of London, and the Thames, of the old Tower, and Hyde Park.

But Alsie, and her stories, could not satisfy all my needs, neither could the river and the trees, or even my books.

I was haunted at times, by a vague, restless yearning after some human sympathy and fellowship. I used to wander through the great house; and the echoes would take up the sound of my crutches, and send them up and down the long halls, where the sweet laughter of children never made music. Oh, the twelve years of my childhood were very lonely ones. Afterwards, she came to me, Marion Brent, my adopted sister. I will tell you *how*.

It was a very warm day, and the wind stirred lazily through the locust trees, that stood on the lawn; and just after dinner great heaps of black cloud began to unroll their skirts in the west.

I stood at the window, while the wind freshened, and watched them with a wild joy at my heart. Then the lightning writhed, and flashed, and tangled itself, like bright embroidery, among the mass of clouds, and the thunder muttered ominously on the distant hills.

The clouds rolled on slowly, and at last the heavy drops of rain began to plash among the leaves, the lightning flamed, and the thunder rolled nearer, and then the storm broke in all its terrible violence; the great boughs wrestled and creaked in the wind, the rain poured in torrents; but there was a roar that defied the fall of the rain.

"Don't stand by the window, Augustus," called out Alsie, "you'll be struck blind, like as not. The

good Lord have mercy upon us! What a flash that was."

"Oh, it's beautiful, Alsie!" I cried, though I moved a little way from the window, and involuntarily closed my eyes, as another sheet of lightning flamed across them. And then, while the thunder dashed down, a verse of a beautiful poem, in my old reading-book, came back forcibly to my mind, and standing still, I repeated it:

"Yet fear not, shrink not, thou, my child,
Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall rocks in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent;
Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye,
Doth not His power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high!"

"My goodness! somebody's knocking at the back door," suddenly cried out Alsie. "Oh! what a flash that was! I'm afraid I'll be struck dead if I stir," for she had crept into a corner, pulled her apron over her head, and was shaking with terror.

"I'll go, Alsie," I volunteered.

"No, no, Augustus," she shrieked; but I hurried toward the door, and opening it, saw there a pale, shivering, drenched little girl, who at once struck my heart with pity.

"Oh! let me come in! please to let me come in!" she sobbed, lifting up her white little face to mine; "I'm so afraid of the lightning."

"To be sure you shall," I said, opening the door wide; and she came in with her dripping garments, and thick, tangled hair—a wretched, helpless, homeless little child.

I took her in to the kitchen, for Alsie had a constitutional terror of lightning, and though her heart was in the right place, I knew her nerves were not, now.

"Sit down here by the fire, and dry your clothes," I said, giving her the cook's arm-chair, for all the servants had gone up stairs. And she sat down—oh! how well I can see her now, in that great, cushioned chair, with the still tears rolling down her white cheeks.

"Don't cry," I pleaded. "How came you to be out all alone in this dreadful storm?"

"Because there wasn't anybody to be with me," she answered, mournfully. "Grandma died, and they buried her two weeks ago; I stayed in the room till they took the furniture for the debts, and then I had to leave. So I came out of the city into the country, because I liked to hear the birds sing, and see the trees, and roll in the grass. Then I slept at night, sometimes among the bushes, and sometimes people let me stay with them; so I got along very well, and it seemed so new, and strange, and beautiful to be in the country, and hear the streams dance, and the winds hum in the trees, that I was very happy until to-day, when the storm came up."

"Well, it's growing lighter—don't you see, the

worst is over, and there's no need of fear now. What is your name, and how old are you?"

"My name is Marion Brent, and I'm ten years old."

And I was twelve. What an immense social distance there was between us two, so strangely brought together in the old kitchen that stormy hour; and yet, though I was a rich man's son, luxuriously reared and tenderly cared for, that little girl, without a home, or a friend, or a joy in the world, had something to give me, for which I, the heir of thousands, had vainly craved for years; and this was—love.

I felt a new, strange emotion of pity and protection for the child, and when she looked up at me with her clear, hazel eyes, shining like far-off stars through their great tears, I resolved that the hapless child should never leave the roof that had sheltered her in the storm.

I was an impulsive boy. "Marion," I said, "I haven't any brother or sister in the world, and though we live in this great house, and I've only to ask for anything that can be bought, and I get it, still, I'm lonely, oh! so very lonely, sometimes. I can't play, you know, and run about, as other boys can, but I want somebody to be with me, somebody to talk to, and to love me. Now, Marion, if you'll stay here and live with me, I shall be very glad, and I think we can be very happy together. Papa will consent if I ask him, for he will always let me do just as I like. You shall have new dresses, and you can ride out every day, too. Then I'll teach you to read myself, and we can have all the park to play in, and Alsie'll take good care of you. Will you stay, Marion, and call me brother Augustus?"

The tears had gone out of the little girl's eyes, while I had been talking, and they had grown larger and brighter all the time, with half-incredulous wonder, and delight, and curiosity. She was silent a moment after I finished speaking, and then she sprang up eagerly, and pushed back the hair from her cheeks.

"Yes, Augustus; I will be your sister. Oh! goody! goody! goody!" and she clapped her hands in her delight. And so my heart had found a sister.

Little children, you who have brothers and sisters around you, you cannot guess what a treasure she was to me; but some time I will tell you more of her.

Why is a schoolboy just beginning to read like knowledge itself? Ans. He is learning.

Why are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken? Ans. They have a merry thought between them.

In what respects were the governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light from darkness? Ans. One was governed by *deys*, the other by *knights*.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CURING A MALFORMATION.

A FEW years since, on an evening in the early spring-time, a small party was assembled in the drawing-room of one of the aristocratic residences at the "West End" of London. Apart from the rest, the writer, with one or two others, was engaged in conversation with a lady who had that day arrived from Paris with her two daughters, young girls of fifteen and seventeen years of age. Various topics were discussed with great ability by Mrs. L. (the newly-arrived lady); amongst others, the physical education of children, with special reference to the duties of parents. The possibility of a removal of malformation without surgical aid was suggested, when Mrs. L., her face in a glow of enthusiasm and excitement, said with great energy, "It is possible, and I would that all should know it; that parents thus afflicted in their children may learn that in certain forms of disease the remedy is in their own power. You will pardon my apparent egotism," she continued, "while I tell you of that which I do know, and testify of that which I have seen. Fifteen years ago I became the joyful mother of a little daughter. My home was in the sunny South. The old black Mauma who had rocked the cradle of two generations, wept with happiness that 'the good Lord had spared de life of dear Miss Fanny.' Amid all the joy, I fancied I observed a shade of sadness on the faces of friends. On the third day after the birth of my child, seeing my sister leave the room in tears, after having held the unconscious little one a few moments in her arms, I said to the old nurse:

"'Mauma, bring the baby to me.'

"'What for does you want um, Miss Fanny? She berry good; she fass asleep.'

"'Bring her here,' I repeated; 'I want to look at my child.'

"'Now, don't, Miss Fanny,' the faithful creature said, 'ole Missis wouldn't like it.'

"Her hesitancy only increased my fears, and on my insisting more peremptorily, she brought my babe. In a few moments the truth was revealed: my child was lame in both of her feet, and if she ever walked it must be on her ancles! This was my first conviction. The shock, the agony of feeling was at first intense; but directly I resolved—and to resolve was to act. I told Mauma to bring me a strip of soft linen, with which I bandaged the little feet as tightly as I thought prudent, the child not crying, or appearing conscious of any pain. From this time, I never held her in my arms that the little feet were not subject to such a pressure as I thought could be borne. Ere long I had the grati-

fication of seeing their position—when the bandage was removed—a little apart from the ancle, to which they were tightly pressed at the time of her birth.

"My brother was at that time attending medical lectures in Paris. I wrote to him, stating the case, and the course I was pursuing, also sending casts of the poor little feet. He had boots made of different sizes, which he sent, at the same time urging me to perseverance in the course I had marked out."

Here she paused—"And what was the result?" asked one of her attentive listeners. "Judge for yourself," was the reply, as with a smile she pointed to a beautiful young girl, one of a group of dancers then on the floor. Her movements were graceful in the extreme; her dress, worn much shorter than the present fashion, displayed a foot and ancle of perfect symmetry; unless the mother had been the witness in the case, all would have doubted the possibility that there could ever have been deformity.

CONSUMPTION.

THE rich who suffer from consumption often seem to do all in their power to induce it. We say nothing about the vices of men, but only look for a moment at the follies of ladies. Foremost amongst them comes tight-lacing, which throws the most important organs of the body out of their proper position, and induces blushing, faintness, palpitation, shortness of breath, and all those ills which serve to fill the pockets of quack doctors, and give more than needful employment to the regular practitioner. Then the way in which ladies expose themselves to cold-taking is really marvellous. In their low dresses they will go out to evening parties, having probably taken off much of the warm underclothing they had worn through the day; they spend hours in a heated atmosphere, dance themselves warmer still, and then pass from the ball-room to their carriages, breathing the night air, without any extra covering, and cooling themselves, perhaps, at the open window, without a thought of harm. If you remonstrate, they tell you "it is so very refreshing," and present enjoyment hides from them all thought of the future. Through the day these fashionable, pleasure-loving ladies loiter about upon soft chairs and sofas, and, instead of strengthening their bodies by exercise, only enervate them by luxury. Even those who are more actively disposed will stay within doors for whole days together if the sky is gloomy, or the wind cold, or the sun too warm for their liking. Need we wonder if the end of all this is—consumption?

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

DOMESTIC EXPENSES.

EVERY wife knows her husband's income, or ought to know it. That knowledge should be the guide of her conduct. A clear understanding respecting domestic expenses is necessary to the peace of every dwelling. If it be little, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." If it be ample, let it be enjoyed with all thankfulness. We believe that partners in privation are more to each other than partners in wealth. Those who have suffered together love more than those who have rejoiced together. Love is "the drop of honey in the draught of gall." When the wife, seeing her duty, has made up her mind to this, she will brighten her little home with smiles that will make it a region of perpetual sunshine. She will never even imply a wish for things which are the appendages of wealth. She knows they could only be purchased at a cost from which she turns shudderingly. Following with the acuteness of a quickened affection every turn of her husband's thoughts, if she should see that he leans towards the world's good things, that he gives orders to his wine merchant beyond the bounds of their enforced temperate indulgence, that city luxuries are sent home to her, then let her bestir herself for his safety and her own, for they are indissolubly united. If he bring her expensive boxes of sweetmeats, half-a-dozen packages of French gloves, or even a half-crown *bouquets*, then let her remember that these things are the beginning of evil. Let her take her woman's power into her own hands, and by all the gentle arts of love and the powerful arguments of truth, let her win him back to contentment with the lot that Heaven has bestowed, and so forcing him to acknowledge that its best blessing is his *wife*.

OUR HOMES SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

Nor only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render the intercourse of home amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be benefited without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practises, to animate the sense and please the mind. Follow her exam-

ple, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation of beauty is concerned.

RECIPES.

SILVER CAKE.—Stir to a cream one cup of butter with two of sugar; add the white of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of milk with one-half of a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it, and flour so as to make it as stiff as a pound cake. With the flour stir in one tea-spoonful of cream tartar. Flavor as you please with lemon, nutmeg, or rose water.

GOLD CAKE.—Stir to a cream one-half cup of butter with two of sugar; add the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and, if you like, the whole of another; then add one-half a cup of sweet milk, with one-half a tea-spoonful of soda in it. With the flour put in a tea-spoonful of cream tartar. These should be as stiff as cup-cake. A tea-spoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, and half a nutmeg, with raisins or currants, or both, is considered by some an improvement.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON COOKING POTATOES.—It would seem from the following extract from his published letters, that Mr. Webster was fond of good potatoes, and knew how they should be cooked:

"DEAR FLETCHER:—I send a quarter of lamb to roast; and if not too rainy will come to dine with you. Tell Mr. Baker the hour.

"Potatoes. Let these potatoes be peeled early, and thrown into a basin of cold water till time to cook them. Let them be boiled in a good deal of water. When done, pour off all the water, shake up the potatoes a little, hang on the pot again, and then bring them to the table. I remember when we heard Hannah Curtis shaking her pot, we knew that dinner was coming."

TO MAKE WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

STEWED HALIBUT.—Put into a stew-pan half a pint of fish broth, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and one of mushroom ketchup, two onions, cut in quarters, a bunch of sweet herbs, add one clove of garlic, and a pint and a half of water; stew an hour and a quarter, strain it off clear, put into it the head and shoulders of a fine halibut, and stew until tender; thicken with butter and flour and serve.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER III.

It was late when Mrs. Dainty came home. Her husband had already arrived, and was waiting for his dinner. George and Madeline, pleased as children usually are, when the visiting mother returns from her recreations, crowded around her with their questions and complaints, and annoyed and hindered her to a degree that broke down her small stock of patience.

"Miss Harper!" she called in a fretful voice, going to her chamber door.

The governess heard, and answered from her room, leaving it at the same time, and coming down towards the chamber of Mrs. Dainty.

"Call those children away!" said the mother, sharply. "And see here! When I come home next time, don't let them beset me like so many hungry wolves. I've hired you to take the care of them, and I want the care taken. That's your business."

Mrs. Dainty was annoyed and angry; and she looked her real character for the time. She was a superior, commanding an inferior, with a complete consciousness of the gulf that stretched between them. Her manner, even more than her words, was offensive to the young governess, whose native independence and self-respect impelled her at once to resign her position and leave the house.

"George, Madeline." She spoke quietly—almost indifferently.

"Why don't you call them as if you had some life in you!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty, losing all patience.

Miss Harper turned away without a word, and went up stairs, intending to put on her bonnet and leave the house. At her room door she met Uncle John, who had overheard the offensive language of his niece. He saw that the young girl's face wore an indignant flush, and that both lips and eyes indicated a settled purpose.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, letting her understand by look and tone that he understood her feelings.

"I am going away from here," she replied firmly.

"You mustn't do it," said Uncle John.

"Self-respect will not permit me to remain," answered Florence.

"Feeling must yield to duty, my dear young lady!" said Uncle John, with an earnestness that showed how much he was interested.

"My duty is not here," was the slowly-spoken answer.

"Our duty is where we can do the most good. I know something of your morning's trials and wise discipline. You have done nobly, Florence—nobly.

There is good in these children, and you must bring it forth to the light."

"I am but human," said Florence, with a quivering lip.

"You are gold in the crucible," replied Uncle John. "The fire may be very hot, my dear young friend; but it will leave no mark upon your real character. It is not every spirit that has a quality pure enough to meet life's higher ordeals. No—no—shrink not from the trials in your way. The lions are chained, and can only growl and shake at you their terrible manes. Go back for the children. For their own sakes, draw them to you with the singular power you possess. Be to them all their mother fails to be. And, always, regard me as your friend and advocate."

Uncle John left her and went back to his own room. A few moments Florence stood irresolute. Then stepping to the head of the stairs, she called to George, who was pounding at his mother's door. Mrs. Dainty had re-entered her chamber and locked it against the children. The child did not heed her in the least. Going down to him, and taking his hand, which the stubborn little fellow tried to prevent her from doing, she said, in a voice so very kind, and in a tone so full of interest:

"George, dear, did I ever show you my book of pictures?"

Instantly the firm, resisting hand, lay passively in hers; though he neither looked up nor answered.

"It is full of the sweetest pictures you ever saw—birds, and sheep, and horses; children playing in the woods; and ducks and geese swimming in the water."

"Won't you show them to me?" said the child, turning to his young teacher, and half forgetting already, in the pleasing images she had created in his thoughts, his angry disappointment in being thrust from his mother's room.

"Yes; and you shall look at them just as long as you please," answered Florence.

Madeline had thrown herself upon the passage floor in a stubborn fit. Her mother's discipline in the case, if the child had remained there until she came from her chamber, would have been to jerk her up passionately, and, while passion remained in the rapidly-acquired ascendant, inflict upon her from two to half-a-dozen blows with her hand. Wild, angry screams would have followed; and then, the repentant mother would have soothed her child with promised favors.

"Madeline must see them also," said Miss Harper, pausing and stooping over the unhappy little girl. "Don't you want to see my picture scrap-book?" She spoke very cheerfully.

"O, yes, Madeline! Do come! Miss Harper is going to show us a book full of such beautiful pictures."

The voice of George went home. Madeline arose to her feet. Taking, each, a hand of their governess, the two children went with light feet up to her room, and, in her book of pictures, soon lost all marks of their recent unhappy disturbance.

Mrs. Dainty appeared at the dinner table in a bad humor, and commenced scolding about the new governess.

"She'll have to do better than this, before I am suited with her," she said, captiously.

"What's the matter, now?" asked Mr. Dainty, in a manner that exhibited some annoyance.

"Matter?" replied his wife. "I guess you'd think it was some matter, if, when you came in late, tired and hungry, the whole body of children were to hover around you with their thousand wants and complaints. It's Miss Harper's business to keep them out of the way. She's paid for doing it! I had to call her down from her room, and when I spoke to her sharply, she turned herself from me with an air of offended dignity that was perfectly ridiculous! The upstart! I shall have it out with her this afternoon. No domestic shall treat me with even a shadow of disrespect. I scarcely think she comprehends her true position in the family; but I will enlighten her fully!"

The children listened with wide, open ears, from Agnes down to George. Mr. Dainty made no response, and Uncle John merely remarked, "I hope you will think twice before you act once in this business of defining Miss Harper's position, and making yourself clearly understood. My advice is, to be very sure that you understand yourself first."

There was nothing to offend in the manner of Uncle John. He spoke in sober earnest.

"Mother," said Agnes, speaking in a pause that followed Uncle John's remark, "did you say that I should take my French lesson first?"

"No: who said that I did?" Mrs. Dainty answered without a moment's reflection.

"Why, Miss Harper said so; and made me give my French recitation before I was ready for it."

"I said no such thing," Mrs. Dainty spoke with some indignation, born of a vague notion from what Agnes had said, that the young governess was assuming arbitrary rule over the children, and falsely quoting her as authority. "I said no such thing! What does she mean by it?"

"Well, she said you did. And made me say a lesson before I had half learned it. That's not the way to do."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty. "Here comes the trouble I feared! Give these vulgar people a position a little in advance of what they have been used to, and forthwith they take on airs. I saw it in the girl at the first interview. I knew, then, that she wouldn't suit, and if my judgment hadn't been overruled, she never would have come into the house."

Mrs. Dainty glanced towards meddlesome Uncle John as she said this. But, Uncle John did not seem to be in the least disturbed.

"Agnes," said he, looking across the table at the injured and complaining girl, "what lesson did you propose to recite in place of your French?"

Agnes flushed a little as she answered, "My music lesson."

"Ah! That was the substitute. What about it?"

And Uncle John turned his quiet eyes upon the countenance of his niece. "If I am not mistaken, I heard you tell Miss Harper that you thought the hour from twelve to one the best for music."

"Maybe I did," answered Mrs. Dainty, pettishly; "but I didn't fix it as a law more binding than the statutes of the Medes and Persians. Something was left to the girl's own discretion."

"And I think it will be found on examination," said Uncle John, "that she used the discretion wisely."

"Oh, but she said"—Agnes had taken her cue from her mother—"that the hours of studying had positively been fixed by mother, and that she had no authority to vary them in the least."

"Preposterous!" ejaculated Mrs. Dainty.

"What's the news to-day?" said Uncle John, turning to Mr. Dainty. "Anything of importance stirring in the city?"

He wished to change a subject, the discussion of which could do nothing but harm among the children.

The answer of Mr. Dainty led the conversation into an entirely new channel. Once or twice, during the dinner hour, Mrs. Dainty tried to renew her complaints against the governess; but Uncle John managed to throw her off, and so the matter was dropped for the time.

CHAPTER IV.

The manner in which Florence Harper met the insolence of Mrs. Dainty—we give her conduct its true designation—chafed that lady exceedingly. She could neither forget nor forgive such conduct in an inferior. What right had she to exhibit an independent spirit?—to show a womanly pride that would not brook an outrage? The very thought made the hot blood leap along the veins of the indignant Mrs. Dainty. O yes. She would "have it out with her!" So, towards the middle of the afternoon, Florence was sent for, and she went down to the sitting room where Mrs. Dainty was alone. Uncle John was on the alert. He had remained in his own apartment, listening, with the door ajar, for nearly an hour, and heard the summons given to Florence. He was in the sitting room almost as soon as she was, and in time to prevent an interview, the result of which would, in all probability, be the withdrawal of Miss Harper from the family. His niece looked at him with a frown as he entered. An offensive interrogation was just on her tongue; but she repressed the words, substituting therefor this query:

"When did we fix the hours of study for the children, Miss Harper?"

"On the day before yesterday, ma'am," replied Florence, in a calm, respectful voice.

"I never had anything to say to you on the subject!" Mrs. Dainty lost temper, and, of course, dignity and self-respect.

"Was not ten o'clock mentioned by you as the hour when it would be best to commence the lessons?" inquired Florence.

"If it was, that doesn't mean fixing all the hours of study!"

"You said you wished Agnes to begin with French," said Florence, quietly.

"Well, suppose I did? What then?"

"Only that I understood you to mean that you wished her to let French constitute her first lesson, as most important. You will, no doubt, remember that I approved this, as her mind would always come fresh to the study."

"Approved!" Mrs. Dainty could not repress this manifestation of contempt.

"You will also remember that you spoke of the hour from twelve to one, as most suitable for music."

Miss Harper looked at the excited lady with a steady gaze.

"And upon that you based a set of arbitrary rules, and tried to enforce them by representing me as their author!"

"No, madam; I did no such thing." Florence drew her slender form up to its full height, and looked calmly, steadily, and with an air of dignified self-respect upon Mrs. Dainty. "I simply remained firm to my duty when Agnes wished to begin with music, and said to her that the hours of study had been arranged in consultation with you, and that I had no authority to change them. So I understood the matter; and, in my action, simply regarded the good of your child. I did not, of course, permit my pupil to direct the plan of study, and only yielded a reference to you in order to make my firmness of purpose the less offensive to her pride. And you must forgive me, madam, for saying that it is neither just to me nor your children thus to react upon my honest efforts to meet your wishes in regard to their studies, and serve, at the same time, their best interests as a teacher. I wish, for the sake of your children, you knew me better. As it is, if you desire me to remain their instructor, you must either fix the hours and subjects of study, in so plain a way that no one can mistake them, or leave it altogether in my hands. In either case I will guarantee submission on the part of the children."

The outraged pride of Mrs. Dainty broke through the pressure of involuntary respect which the dignified, resolute, perfectly independent manner of the young teacher had inspired, and the word "Impertinent!" was on her lips, when Uncle John said:

"Miss Harper is clearly right, and I am pleased to know that she has acted with so much firmness

and so much prudence. She is entitled to praise, not blame."

Mrs. Dainty waved her hand for the governess to leave the room. Without a word, or the slightest apparent hesitation, Miss Harper retired.

"Uncle John!" Mrs. Dainty turned angrily upon the old gentleman the moment they were alone, "I am out of all patience with you! What chance have I to command respect from inferiors in my house, if you step in to justify them to my face when I am attempting to blame improper actions? It's an outrage, and I won't have it!"

"There is only one way to command the respect of your household, Madeline," replied Uncle John, "and that is, to treat them with kindness and justice. You may demand respect from those whom you regard as your inferiors, forever; but, unless your actions towards them be marked with dignity and lady-like self-possession, your command will be no more heeded than was that of the old British king, who commanded the waves of the sea to stop their advancing course. Respect or contempt is an independent thing, and always has free course. If a lady desires the first, she has to do something more than utter her proud behest. She has got to deserve it; and if she fail in this, she will surely have the last—contempt."

"I don't wish to hear any more of that," replied Mrs. Dainty, curtly. "I hardly think it fair to seek a justification of your own conduct, in turning around and assailing me. What right had you to approve Miss Harper's conduct to my face, when I was blaming her?"

"The common right which every one has to drag another from the brink of a precipice over which he is about blindly casting himself. I have observed Miss Harper very closely since she has been in the house, and, at times, when she could not be aware of this observation. When you have been on the street, I have been at home, watching her deportment among the children; and it has always been kind, wise and consistent. There has been no shadow of that domineering spirit of which you seem so nervously afraid; but always a firmness that knew just how far to yield, and how far to be immovable. I happened to hear all that passed in regard to the French and music lessons. Agnes was all to blame, and Florence was all right. It was beautiful to see with what a gentle dignity Florence met the efforts of Agnes to be mistress instead of scholar; and how wisely she subdued the incipient lady's rebellious pride. She gave no offence in doing so, but really won upon her kind feelings; and but for the opportunity given her pride to speak out its mortification, you would never have heard a word of complaint."

"You will thus understand," continued Uncle John, "why I threw in a word of justification in time to prevent the utterance of language on your part, which would, inevitably, have resulted in the loss of a governess for your children who has already gained more power over them for good than any other being in the world possesses. And now, Ma-

deline, let me warn you against any further exhibition of passion, pride, or contempt towards one into whose hands you have committed the well-being of your children. Seek to elevate, not depress her. Treat her with respect and consideration, and your children will do the same. You make her the guide, counsellor and companion of your children. Think of the vast influence she must exercise over them! The work of forming their young minds—of directing their characters—is in her hands, not yours. The mother's high prerogative you chose to delegate to one regarded as an inferior. Happily, in this case, the choice of a representative has not been foolishly made. In all respects, Miss Harper is qualified for her position, and if sustained in it, will act her part nobly. She is no common person, let me tell you; but one of superior mind, high moral worth, and almost perfect accomplishments. In a word, a model for your children! But, she is at the same time, a young woman with too much self-respect to bear your haughty, insulting manners. If you wish to keep her, therefore, you must not repeat the offences of to-day."

"Does she expect me to courtesy every time I meet her; and to say, 'if you please?' and 'by your leave, miss?'" The lips of Mrs. Dainty curled, and she looked very scornful.

"No—nothing of the kind. Only, that you shall treat her with common decency, which you have not done!" Uncle John was provoked.

"You are quite complimentary, I must confess," said Mrs. Dainty, with an offended manner.

"I speak the truth, and that is always the highest compliment I shall ever pay you, my foolish niece!" retorted Uncle John, who used his prerogative, in most cases, to the full extent.

"I think we had better drop the subject," said Mrs. Dainty.

"Very well—let it drop now. I will renew it again when your feelings are less excited, and your judgment less obscured. Only let me repeat my warning about Miss Harper. You have an angel in your dwelling; let her remain to bless your children. But, the guest will not remain if you treat her as though she were a spirit of evil."

T. S. A.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

See Colored Plate.

COSTUME DE PROMENADE, OR, DE CHÈRE SOI.—This dress for home or promenade is illustrated by the figure on the left, made of blue, green, lilac, or boudier *poult de soie*, of very light and enlivening nuance and texture, and the skirt, which is rather short, is formed by three scallop-edged flounces. The body is high, but cut in point, and the large pagoda sleeves are formed of three flounces in keeping with the skirt. The body is half full, and closes up to the throat with small *passenterie* buttons to match, with hanging jets, or those of stone or glass, set like more costly jewels. Nothing could be more lively or spring-like than dresses of this *genre*, made from Irish poplin, gingham, plaid, and the charming varieties of foulards; but for the styles of spring goods we refer the reader to all the choice ones under the appropriate head, and following a description of the favorite style of cut. The shape of this skirt is charming for the transition state of *crinoline* depletion, and it will bear supporting for full toilet, as well as for dinner and promenade; but then it should be made from *satén*, those *lampas brochés*, light and enlivening taffetas *a disposition*, *gros d'Orient*, when each flounce will be half covered with Chantilly lace, beginning at the waist—as the top one—and extending half way to the edge of the

first flounce, and so with the second and the third, and the edge of the lace should be the same as the flower of the dress. The sleeves are trimmed in keeping, and formed of two frills, and only half-length, instead of those like the picture. The *bodice* should also be square across the stomach, and half low, with berthas ran from a knot of ribbon at the waist behind, over the shoulders—where they are rather wide—to the point of waist in front, and the berthas are formed of two scalloped plies of the goods, and two of lace, so that the whole dress be in keeping; and a row of lace of three fingers depth falls from the head of the dress.

Quant aux sleeves.—Be it understood that the following three cuts are in vogue. The first is the pagoda *genre*, fitting at the arm-hole, and enlarging wonderfully to three-quarters the length of the arm, and this may be done by a composition of ruffles and puffs, or in flounces or deep ruffles alone. The second is composed of puffs trimmed with lace and ending with a ruffle trimmed with lace. The third is the half mutton-leg, full at the head, and gathered to a band to fit the wrist. To these are, of course, to be added the short sleeve for ball or wedding costume, when it is formed of a single very full puff, ended with a ruffle three inches deep, of the same, or of lace.

LINGERIE.—Lace collars are small for wear in the street, but they are large, and bordered the same as during the last season, in open tracery of Louis XV., and the Middle Ages. The lace undersleeves are very full, and the embroidered ends are in keeping with the collar; the shape is a puff under the end of the pagoda sleeve, from which continues a ruffle or flounce.

GLOVES.—Straw-colored for the evening, and russet, drab, and lilac-colored kid for the morning.

WHITE SATIN SLIPPERS is the style for ball or marriage dresses, but otherwise lace-boots, of prunella or lasting, to correspond with the color of the dress, which, for promenade, is not so long as to sweep the walk, and the soles are heavy, with the lower part of the uppers of patent leather.

BRACELETS AND BROOCHES are still the mode, and the cameo ornament is preferred, unless of gold, and ornamented with rubies or diamonds; but the locket suspended from it is in highest vogue.

BONNET.—It will be seen that the curtain is deep. The front is also elastic, and therefore has not that fly-away appearance. This invention, by Alexandrine, of Paris, is all the rage. This is a morning bonnet of taffeta, ornamented with early spring flowers and foliage in natural colors. From the edge, a half veil of lace falls back over the crown, and by many a triangular *fichu* forms a *fauchon* in place of a crown, replacing the crown and the curtain; but this is quite a recent innovation, and its success is quite uncertain, except for *negligee*, in which it will compete with the *chapeau mousquetaire*. A ruch of blonde and flowers enliven the inside, and the pink brides are plain.

FULL DRESS BONNET.—The prettiest we have seen of the spring style, is white, half of satin and half of lace, disappearing nearly through a shower of flowers, which attach at one side and over-run the crown, and fall on the other side in gracious trains. The flowers of it are in rose-colored velvet, of budding tenderness, with buds and leaves of the same.

THE SHAWL.—Is of black levantine or taffetas, edged with deep fringe or lace, of which it may be said that no over-dress is so modest, graceful and rich.

COSTUME EN NEGLIGE FOR EARLY MORNING.—The demoiselle at the right illustrates a simple dress of this *genre*, which is not altogether without a *cachet* of coquetry. The material is *foulard*, delaine, or poplin, cut with a basque and plain skirt, and trimmed with narrow velvet braid, and buttons in the cadrille form. The bracelets are cameo and a plain gold ring; and under the lace collar there is a tie of carmine silk ribbon.

The front hair is crimped, and formed into a single curled tress on each side, and the back hair is dressed with black lace and knots of pink ribbon. Both of these dresses are as simple, beautiful, and refreshing as spring.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Stewart & Co., corner Broadway and Chambers st., are the kingly importers to the merchant-princes

of America, and it is to the courtesy of this house that we are indebted for much of the knowledge which we receive in reference to goods in the hands of manufacturers, and which go to decide the outward forms which the better portion of humanity is to assume for months to come.

SHAWLS.

The greatest and most refreshing novelty in the present style of shawl, is the *berage* shawl of silk and wool, the body in stripes three inches wide, of white and green, silver and white, crimson and blue, &c., &c.; some of them with *chine*, and others with plaid borders, in modest, unobtrusive colors—very genteel—and the edges fringed.

Next we name those of the *stella genre*—that old favorite newly embellished—with satin centre, and although all wool, the surface is like satin. Green, crimson, and black centres are preferred. There are others *chene*-striped. The cream of the cream, for brilliancy of border, is the black *berage*, with rich satin stripes of black, and a border in oil colors, most unique and resplendent. Then there are the *stella* cashmeres, with narrow Scotch borders, of black centres, the finest goods in the market.

The present long shawl is a great triumph, being light, *distingue* and comfortable; but ornamented with the elaborate complexity of the Persian palm and architecture, with the richest and most refreshing parterres of modern floriculture.

WEDDING TOILETTES.

These come in sets, as 1st, the veil—2d, the skirt in two flounces, the upper one reaching half the length, and the under one to the white satin slippers—3d, the corsage body, sleeves and handkerchief all alike of white *pointe plat*, at the cost of \$800—a very silly article to purchase when white satin, trimmed with blonde and cheaper tree flowers, are just as pretty. But we are describing the fashions. The most superb dress that we saw at Stewart & Co.'s, was one in *point a l'aiguille* round points, the whole set costing \$900. A set in rich *pointe d'alencon* of collar and sleeves, at the modest price of \$150! made probably by a now distressed object of charity in the streets of Paris, picking rags, because she lost her eyesight by making *pointe d'alencon*. Who in free America will wear that accursed web of wickedness!

The *trossaux* of *pointe de gaze* and other laces, some made by machinery even, are actually more beautiful than those made in imperceptible button-hole stitch, with needles so fine as to require the use of glasses to see them.

BLACK LACES

Were never so much in favor as now; and the Chantilly is preferred; even mits, short, demi-long and long, are in high vogue. The black Chantilly *casaque* is very pretty, the skirt being trimmed with two flounces, the one around the centre of the hips, and the other nearly to the knees, *confectionnee*, as the *modistes* of Paris call it, scalloped all round the sleeves being pagoda-shaped.

Mantillas, confectiones of the same material, are really charming. So is also the square shawl with a deep, full flower all round, and worn in Spanish style over the head, or like the stella shawl or square a *l'indienne*. Either way it is graciously fascinating.

DRESS GOODS.

One of the greatest novelties is the small checks of black and white, or white with any other color, and with richly striped flowers of soft colors. Then there are the *chintzes* a *beyadere* in *mode*, and green colors, with flowers of chints flowers of natural colors thrown upon it, so as to represent perspective, and make one forget they are mere imitations. You cannot go wrong in checks, in green and white, white and black, lilac and white, &c., &c.; for numerous will be the shawls and dresses, all of the same, before the end of the spring season. We have only time to name some rare goods, imported by Lambert & Co., of Chambers street.

DRESS SILKS—EVENING STYLES.

Grenadines in cross stripes, fine *rayee* pattern, with *chine* flounces.

SILK TISSUES.

Beyadere stripes, divided by a chints vine. Grenadines in colors of *mode*, pink, green, in chints stripes, figured in *indienne*.

BERAGE.

Chints printed, and satin plaid *berage*.

POPLINS

For morning and travelling wear. Plaids do, mourning do.

Heddersfield chally for children. Norwich poplins; also the *adolousie venetienne* to be seen.

MOUSELINE DE LAINE.

Eugenia robe of cashmere figures, without flounces, but in wide stripes of chints figures, to form a pyramidal stripe at each side of the skirt, towards the front of the side.

Toiles d'Asie for demoiselles, as also small checks with Scotch plaid flowers, edged with very fine and narrow fringe.

SECOND MOURNING.

Crepes de chine rayee transversal in bar stripes of opaque black, enlivened by a neat *brochee* figure in silver thread.

The Eugenia style is that of pyramidal stripes at each side of the skirt in *rayee barre*, with side stripes a *jardinier*, grounds in all fresh colors, and the waist and sleeves are trimmed to harmonize.

The war between hoops and flounces is carried on with great vigor. Two years ago every dress was flounced; but now those beautiful striped goods are not to be made with flounces. This is to be borne in mind. The petticoat is not to be so widely inflated for flounced dresses, as for those of artistic figure; but the crinoline will not be entirely superseded for two years to come, notwithstanding it is said that Eugenia has appeared in public without

one. It is true that very large *ballones* inflations are steadily losing favor; but hooped skirts are still, and will be in vogue a great while.

The *organdies* and *jaconettes* were never so pretty as this spring. They are the diaphanous charms for a morning dress, which pick at the hearts of us coarser sort with our carrotty continuations.

The English linous are coming into favor, with double skirt a *dispositions*, all the trimmings coming with and sold with the dress. They are refreshing.

RIBBONS.

Those for sashes are *chine camayenz* and *jardinier*, No. 30 or 5 inches wide; also *chine* plaid and *jardinier*.

BONNET BRIDES OR STRINGS.

No. 20, striped with *beyadere* edges. These half plain and half figured in colors most rich and in high contrast.

FRINGES.

Fringes may be said to be the only trimming for a dress. It is used on nearly all edges and for all reliefs.

ROBE DU MATIN.

Mouseline de laine, printed by Grös Odier, in Paris—this is sufficient recommendation—it has wide cashmere borders, and the charming *nuance* of the ground is enlivened by small objects of rich colors.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

THE one on the left wears a straw flat, a *la poyanne* covered in *cadrilles* with black velvet and green ribbon; and from the edge of the brim, a fall of white lace gives it a fresh *cachet*. Over the ear is a rosette of imitation flower and grasses, from which spring the long velvet ties. The casaque of black silk is cut across at the waist, and the skirt is gathered and surmounted by a ruffle of the same. The *jupe* is in three tucks, of India muslin or poplin, with embroidered muslin *chemisette* with collar, and the pantelets to match, and the stockings of white worsted, and the gaiter-boots blending with the *nuance* of the dress.

Figure on the right.—Rice straw bonnet, small flowers and foliage on the sides and under the brim. Mantilla of bombazine, headed with a hood which terminates in front a *la berthe*, in bars (*lappets*) with fringe edges, closed over the bosom by a brooch. The basquine and dress are of gay, poplin or India muslin; the whole finishing with gaiters and Scotch thread stockings.

The single gentleman about six years of age is clad in a mazarine blue sack and skirt, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. He wears a black velvet cap, ornamented by a black feather springing from a knot of blue ribbons on the left side over the cap. His long gaiters are of dark mixed cashmerette, with pantelets and bosom of *jaconette*.

Editors' Department.

"EYES OPEN."

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry-goods merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantel ornaments of porcelain and marble, on Monday morning, "that we who wanted to do good must be on the constant 'look out' for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready-fitted and prepared to our hand; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the Apostles did, with 'eyes open,' looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed."

"Now, I'm certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to rest at night: and I'll just keep my 'eyes open' to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that, under ordinary circumstances, I should let slip."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Beach was in the nursery, with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes. "I wish, Mrs. Simms," she said, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday. We are going out of town, to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman; "I've got behind-hand a good deal since Sammy had the whooping-cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping-cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms; won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the washerwoman, with the tears starting into her dim eyes, "I haven't any words to thank you, or to tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they'll keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterward Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, for she was a notable housekeeper, when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced lad, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in

him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked, "Is anything the matter with you, Joseph? You don't look as happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed: "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, "so I've lost my place; then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember only night before last my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened. "Oh! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach!"

"And see here, Joseph; I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes, and a nice chicken, to make some broth for Mary, whom, she learned, was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning wearily on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying "Good news! good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears did down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a particularly demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every-day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night, warm with the good deeds of the

day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down the stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of the wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm anywise injured. But you may help me, just for the pleasure of it;" and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart, with all the old, lover-tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Mary, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music set to the words "Eyes open! eyes open!"

THE winter is gone, and the lectures are over! Those great banquets of the soul, those green highways, where, if a man walk, he shall gather fair fruits, and drink of sweet waters.

We cannot say enough in praise of these, for who can tell what immense moral, and social, and intellectual forces our lecturers are? They drop their gems of thought into the mind, and pour their great tides of feeling into the hearts of men, awakening, stimulating, blessing.

We think "lectures" one of the greatest features of the age. Brought in communion weekly with the best minds and souls of the time, lifted out with strong hands for a little while, from the discords and petty cares, and trials of this life, we stand on higher ground, and take a view from the mountains, broader and grander, and sweep with our eyes over the past, and onward into the future, and understand better our relations here, and feel what solemn things time, and eternity, and life are; and though we must come down into the valleys again, we shall not forget our view on the mountains. So, a long life, a life of many generations, and a work blessed of Heaven unto our "Winter Lectures." V. F. T.

A HOME LIGHT DARKENED.

"But the light of the whole house has gone out with Willie" So writes a mother whose lovely first-born drooped suddenly, like a beautiful flower touched with untimely frost, and, with scarcely an hour's premonition of the coming change, withered and died. Suddenly the brightest of the home-lights was quenched in tears; and darkness fell upon the parents' hearts. Many months have passed since then, and still, in her hours of grief for the loved and the lost, the mother sits in darkness, and says—"The light of the whole house has gone out with Willie."

No, grieving mother—the light has not all departed. We glance back a sentence in your letter and read—"Your namesake, my little Arthur, is becoming very wise and witty, and is a great bless-

ing and a comfort to us indeed. But"—No—no—dear friend! The light has not all gone out! Don't forget, as your heart goes yearning with your mother's love after the absent, the one still remaining, who is "a blessing and a comfort." With Willie, the problem of life is solved. He has been born into heaven without the painful earth-probation all men and women have to endure. It is not for him to work out his salvation with "fear and trembling." He is saved!

No—no. The light has not all gone out! It burns with a purer flame—not fed with the oil of weak, partial human love, but with the oil of a spiritual affection, that rejoices even in tears.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING A HINDRANCE TO MARRIAGE.

ONE of the evils noticed, as consequent upon the present extravagant style of living, is a diminution in the relative number of marriages. Prudent men, with moderate incomes, may well hesitate on the question of matrimony, when they see all around them individuals no better off than themselves, struggling to maintain a style of living, demanded by the social circle in which they move, and losing all joy in life through excessive care, labor, and anxiety. No provision for old age is possible under such a state of things; and should health fail prematurely, privation, distress, and it may be ruin, are inevitable consequences.

It has been said, and with much apparent truth, that the correction of this evil is with woman. Let her originate a better fashion, which shall require young people who marry, to begin life prudently; and let it be regarded as praiseworthy and honorable for the young bride of a man in moderate circumstances to decline becoming the mistress of an establishment, the maintenance of which will absorb his whole income. False pride is at the bottom of this evil; and all yielding to the requirements of false pride is a weakness of which every one should feel ashamed. True men and true women—men and women of character and independence—are above such weakness. Let them act from principle, and lead off in a reform that shall check an evil fraught with many disastrous consequences.

Many young ladies lose the chances of marrying men of true worth because of their extravagant ideas in regard to an establishment. Any man of common prudence will hesitate about marrying a woman whose conversation betrays a foolish love of dress and showy furniture; for he knows very well what these things cost, and what clogs they are upon a man's prosperity. The right stamp of men—those who count the cost of every action, and who "look before they leap"—men of honor, true feeling and integrity, pass by the fashionable young butterflies who glitter in the sunshine, and select, often, from among those whose social advantages have been small, and who have not the external accomplishments they desire. They prefer gold in the

rough, to lead in gilding. They desire a home, a true wife, and the blessings of home; and they are more certain of these where they find common sense, common prudence, and a loving heart, than where only a flashy exterior meets the eye, while the tongue betrays no true knowledge of the world, nor any right estimate of life.

Marriageable young ladies are often surprised at the way a certain young man, regarded as "a good catch," is himself caught by some unattractive person, in whom they never dreamed of finding a rival. It is one of the matrimonial mysteries they find it impossible to solve. Perhaps the intimations given in the preceding paragraph may afford some hints towards a solution of the difficulty.

THE HOME MAGAZINE AND ITS FRIENDS.

It is pleasant to tell our friends—the friends of the Home Magazine, we mean—that the year 1857 will give us a subscription list larger by several thousands than the list of 1856. Steadily, year by year, the work is gaining favor with the people, and quietly finding its way into one household after another, there to remain a permanent guest. The words of approval and encouragement that come showering in upon us, from all parts of the country, East, West, North and South, are particularly grateful, and give spirit to work now, and pleasant hope for the future.

To the many friends who have worked, and are still working for the Home Magazine—to whose efforts we are indebted for many thousands of subscribers—we make our warm acknowledgments. It is impossible to write to each of them; that would take too much of the time needed to give life and value to our Magazine. But, their kind words and kind acts are noted; and the stranger-friends are remembered gratefully. We can only reciprocate favors by trying to make the "Home" more worthy of its true mission. And this we shall certainly do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE story entitled "Edith" is rather too long for our purpose. Will the writer try her hand on a shorter one? We like her way of writing; and think, with a little more care in composition, she will excel. We will return Edith to any direction that may be indicated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EL GRINGO; or New Mexico and her People. By W. W. H. Davis. Late U. S. Attorney. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE author tells us "this volume is mainly written from a diary the author kept during a residence of two and a half years in New Mexico, and the matters contained in it are either drawn from careful personal observation, or other reliable sources. The historical portions are almost wholly obtained from official records in the office of the Secretary of the Territory at Santa Fe, and may be relied upon as correct. The beautiful drawings that adorn

the work were executed by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Eaton, U. S. A., on duty in that territory, and F. A. Percy, Esq., of El Paso, Texas, to whom I am much indebted." The work is full of interest and information, valuable to the student and entertaining to the man of leisure. The first chapter gives an account of the journey to Santa Fe, across a desert country of nearly a thousand miles; which all who contemplate a like achievement would do well to read before the task is undertaken. As a cotemporary remarks: "These things may be very pleasing and interesting to talk about after they are got over, but they must be anything but pleasant at the time."

IVORS. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Cleve Hall," etc. In two vols. D. Appleton & Co.

The scene of this well-written novel is laid in the midst of aristocratic, rural English life, and its design is to show the evil consequences that flow from some of the new educational ideas that get possession of the brains of certain individuals, who have more conceit than perception, and more love of rule than unselfish desire to benefit. There is a step-mother in the case, a lady Augusta Clare, who marries a widower with two children, just to carry out upon her step-daughter her preconceived theories in education. She succeeds to her heart's content, but the result converts a young girl of good impulses into an artificial, changeable, unhappy thing, and introduces desolation into her husband's house. This shady side of the picture is set off against the brighter hues of Mrs. Graham's home, with its charity, its naturalness, and its harmony. The whole framework of the story is well constructed, and its several parts are simple, natural, earnest, truthful, entertaining. It excels alike in its style and in the principles which it illustrates and enforces.

SONGS AND BALLADS. By Sidney Dyer. New York: Sheldon Blakeman & Co. 1857.

These songs possess that important requisite which most song-writers ignore. They can be sung. The language is smooth, flowing, harmonious; and therefore truly *lyrical*. Many of them we observe have been set to music by eminent composers, which could hardly have happened if they had not been good songs. The book is a valuable contribution to our literature, which is rather deficient in good lyrical poetry. These pieces are not only song-like in diction, but also in sentiment. They are marked with true feeling and an elevated morality. There are a few which abound in genuine wit and humor.

SILVERWOOD. A Book of Memoirs. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The writer draws character with a fine discrimination, and portrays the inner life-movements with the accuracy of one who has seen below the surface. "Silverwood" is from the pen of one who has gained skill by practice in the art of authorship; or else, of one whose fine genius gives promise of good things to come. It is a good book.

WORDS FOR THE HOUR. By the Author of "Passion Flowers. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

These poems are unequal, but some of them are very pretty. If one-third of them had been stricken out the book, to our mind, would have been improved. The "Sermon," at the beginning, is rather dull and prosy. We have never approved of political sermons, and a lady preaching politics, and attempting it in verse, is a rather dangerous experiment. We think it has proved a failure in this instance. The muse has imparted no inspiration, and this is strange, since the muse is Spring. Thalia would have been more faithful to her votary, and Spring, which is suggestive, should have raised these stanzas into a somewhat more swelling peal of melting music. There is too much strain—to much effort in them, and the result is not worth the struggle that was necessary to bring them into being. She does better—indeed, excellently well—when she confines herself to the homestead, and writes under the influence of the affections. "Dilexit Multum" is a real gem. So are "Maud" and "Sue"—the latter especially. "Widow's Words" are very touching lines and truthful.

We cite the following sonnet to Morning, as a favorable specimen of Mrs. Howe's poetry:

"MORNING.

I'll have thee greet me in thine early hours
The dew of morning thrilling in thy words,
And the first music of the wakened birds
That pant at noon, and hang their heads at even:
Thou radiant in the first surprise of heaven,
And the sweet shock of re-created powers,
Shalt welcome me, with thought and hope returning,
Ere Day has set his weary task of learning,
While, on the breezy vantage, standing free,
Thou renderest glad obeisance to the Sun;
Thus shalt thou meet the impulsive bound of one
Who, thanking God for life, forgets not thee."

We have no doubt that the particular friends of Mrs. Howe may admire her verses—some of which are very creditable effusions; but, upon the whole, they lack soul,—are cold and stiff, and will not, we fear, reach the popular heart, to any great extent. The "Lyric I," at page fifth, reminds us of Cowley and his conceits, and may be cited as an illustration of the general character of her style of thought and expression. Mrs. Howe is herself an admirer and imitator of Mrs. Browning—an exceedingly bad model. Lady poets should express their strong feelings simply, and studiously avoid whatever savors of affectation.

SMILES AND FROWNS. By Mrs. S. A. Wentz. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Right well pleased are we to welcome our contributor into the world of books, in so excellent a story as "Smiles and Frowns," thoroughly pervaded as it is with a pure spirit, and filled with sentiments that tend to elevate and ennoble the soul. "Smiles and Frowns" is a tale of trial, temptation and suf-

fering; yet of triumph in the higher sense—the triumph of good principles over the evil and false tendencies of our lower natures. Mrs. Wentz is a woman of remarkably clear views of life, and a mind too well balanced by sound religious teachings to be swerved from its fine equipoise by the false appearances of truth, which, with a dazzling glitter, have allured some of our female writers from the path of right reason, when treating of social questions. Here, she is no visionary—no sophist, but a high religious moralist; a teacher of the truth that leads to good. We notice in the construction of the story a few minor defects; but they are largely counterbalanced by excellencies, and as skill and observation enlarge, will disappear in other works which we hope, in good time, to see from her pen. In the mean time, let us commend "Smiles and Frowns" warmly to the reader's attention.

ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL; OR, STUDIES OF CHARACTER. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

As an essayist, Mr. Tuckerman has won laurels that he may wear proudly. His mind is eminently critical. In the present volume he has with rare skill discriminated or classified the characters he presents, as "Washington, the Patriot;" "Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World;" "De Witt Clinton, the National Economist;" "Sydney Smith, the Genial Churchman," &c., &c. The different articles in the volume are pleasant and erudite, and not only convey a just appreciation of the characters taken up, but inspire in the reader a desire to follow up their biographies. The amount of original material gathered from out-of-the-way sources, which some of these essays contain, is quite remarkable. We commend the book as one of special interest and value.

KATHIE BRAND; a Fireside History of a Quiet Life. New York: Harper & Bro.

An earnestly written heart-history, exhibiting no small knowledge of human nature, and pervaded by great tenderness of feeling. It is one of those books that widen your human sympathies.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES. Literally Translated or Revised, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume contains "Hecuba," "Orestes," "Phoenissæ," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Alcestis," "Bacchæ," "Iphigenia in Aulide," and "Iphigenia in Tauris." The second, "Hercules Furens," "Troades," "Ion," "Andromache," "Suppliants," "Helen," "Electra," "Cyclops," "Rhesus."

It is needless to comment on the value of works like these to students and men of letters, and the fact of their use in the English Universities is a sufficient proof of the intrinsic merits of a translation which is rendered even more valuable by recent revisions of the text, and by additional notes.

THE VILLAGE BEAU. (Illustrated.)

ONE of those fair, peaceful English landscapes, that smile out on us from parlor walls, and from betwixt the leaves of richly decorated albums and annuals; the blue sky overhead, with the misty clouds breaking into all kinds of fantastic shapes; the green earth beneath, with the low hills dimpling the distance, all have the look of old friends.

A happy trio occupies the foreground of the picture. How many men and women who ride out daily with gloved groom and footman, with magnificent horses, and silver-mounted harness, might envy the happy hearts of the three rustics in that old cart! They are evidently on a journey to the mill, by the heaps of grain that brim over the side of the cart. The young farmer, with his frank, honest, good-natured face, deserves to be happy, for he has placed those two dairy maids on either side of him at the "highest summit of human bliss." The wheels of the old vehicle rumble over the stony road, amid outbreaks of sweet, unrestrained laughter, and the little brook by the wayside catches down a moment into its bright heart the three happy faces that roll past it.

And yet, somehow, we cannot help prognosticating some jealousies and heart-burns for one of those two damsels. It is impossible now to determine who is the favored party, for the "swain" divides his attentions so impartially between the two, that neither have cause for complaint.

But we have read somewhere that "there is a lucky number in all cases except courting," and so—for man's heart is a harder riddle than anything in this world, unless it be a woman's, one of those fair maidens must smile, and the other must weep.

We can't quite help wishing, though, that the "village swain" may "get a bargain" in his wife, as she doubtless will in her husband, and that their life-journey may be as smooth and bright as their afternoon ride to the mill.

V. F. T.

COWARDS.

Or all persons in the world we believe there are few more to be pitied than constitutional cowards. Every body knows them, for their fears are always active; and conductors of railroads, and officers on steamboats, and proprietors of hotels, have most annoying and ludicrous reminiscences of this unfortunate class of humanity.

"Oh, dear! do you think the cars will run off the track?" says the nervous lady, band-box and carpet-bag in hand, ready for a flying leap with her effects at the first intimation of such a terrible catastrophe.

"You don't calculate there's any danger of the bilers burstin', or anything givin' way, do you, cap'n?" lugubriously questions a mother, as she sits, shaking visibly, in a rocking chair in the ladies' saloon, while visions of flying limbs, and sounds of dying groans sweep across her fertile imagination.

"You don't s'pose there's any rogues round here,

or any danger of one's rooms being broken into, do you, landlord?" questions a stout representative of the sterner sex; (?) and he thinks of his wife and children, and remembers the last account he read of a beloved husband and father being murdered by some ruffians at the hotel where he passed two days.

"I shall keep my light burning all night," sagely concludes the cowardly gentleman. And so the changes are rung. After all, though cowards are more to be pitied than laughed at, for a life of fear is certainly a life of suffering, and all disease, whether of body or mind, will receive the sympathy of the good and the noble, of those "who in patience possess their souls."

And then, how soft and sweet, like a mother's lullaby to the frightened child, floats the old Judean music over the dead centuries: "Let not your heart be troubled! Ye believe in God, believe also in me." So, whatever may happen on the journey, the Christian is certain he shall hear, at the end, the triumphant "It is well" of the angels.

"Take heart; the rude, dark dust To-day,
Soars a new-lighted sphere To-morrow!
And wings of splendor burst the clay
That clasps us in death's frightful furrow."

V. F. T.

A FRENCH writer has said that to dream gloriously you must act gloriously when you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

DR. ADAM says that one reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of his own ways as in need of mending.

HANNAH MORE said to Horace Walpole, "If I wanted to punish an enemy it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

SOMEBODY remarks that there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other a strong won't.

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over, as a foible, and lo! the rugged stones will fit like smooth mosaic.

INASMUCH as the secrets of the heart do not often transpire, we will not attempt to reach yours, reader. This much, however, we may be allowed to say: The hope that rests on any earthly good, if attained, will bring its attendant evil, and, if disappointed, will leave a bitter remembrance. How wise, then, to cultivate that hope, which, phoenix-like, rises from the grave, and finds fruition in the skies!

A VISIT OF MERCY.

A LATE letter from England, in the Friends' Review, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harris, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtain relief for them." Taking this for a theme the poet Whittier, under the title of "The Conquest of Finland," furnishes to the National Era the following. It is a poem to stir the heart. The fact it commemorates is one creditable to humanity, and shows how, after the fierce, fiery shock, even of terrific war, with its fearful sufferings, and untold horrors, the healing and restoring elements begin their silent but all-efficient work, and like the dews, the rains and the sunshine, obliterate the marks of the tempest:

Across the frozen marshes
The winds of Autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where'er the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain,

But, still by isle or mainland,
She drops her anchor down,
Where the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amptman,
At the gate of Helsingfors;
"Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,
"God bless the ship, I say;
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way!"

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken boats of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amptman,
"The will of God be done!
The battle lost by England's hate,
By England's love is won!"

"We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore;
But when did kindness fail to find
The key to Finland's door?"

"No more from Aland's ramparts
Shall warning signal come,
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle
The Dove of Peace shall rest;
And in the mouths of cannon
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan;
And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring, 'good-will to man!'"

"Then row thy boat, oh, fisher
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May!"

"Sit down old men, together;
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Fin!"

UNCOMELINESS.

SHOULD you deem yourself wanting in those charms which—a perpetual letter of recommendation—prepossess all beholders, reflect, by way of consolation and encouragement, that a meek and gentle spirit, a kindly and charitable temper, will more than atone for the deficiency. These it is in your power to cultivate; and though strangers may not admire, friends will love you when so adorned.

BEAUTY.

IF you consider yourself beautiful, reflect that mental loveliness exceeds and outlasts personal attractions. Flee vanity, that subtle snare, which weaves its meshes so insidiously around the female heart. Avoid coquetry; it stifles right feeling and sincerity of character. Utter no detraction, for that will render odious lips dyed like the rose, and sculptured beyond the art of Phydias.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

LEIGH HUNT says: "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

EVERYBODY who has a daguerreotype taken wants to find a "good artist." We recommend Van Loan, who, for a clear, rich style, and for a generally correct picture, is not easily surpassed. When next you sit for yours, reader, go and try him.

se
a-
of
nd
ill
in
ny
l.

nat
at-
ch
ale
nd
for
nd

ant
ney
it
me
and
lity

ants
can,
cor-
next



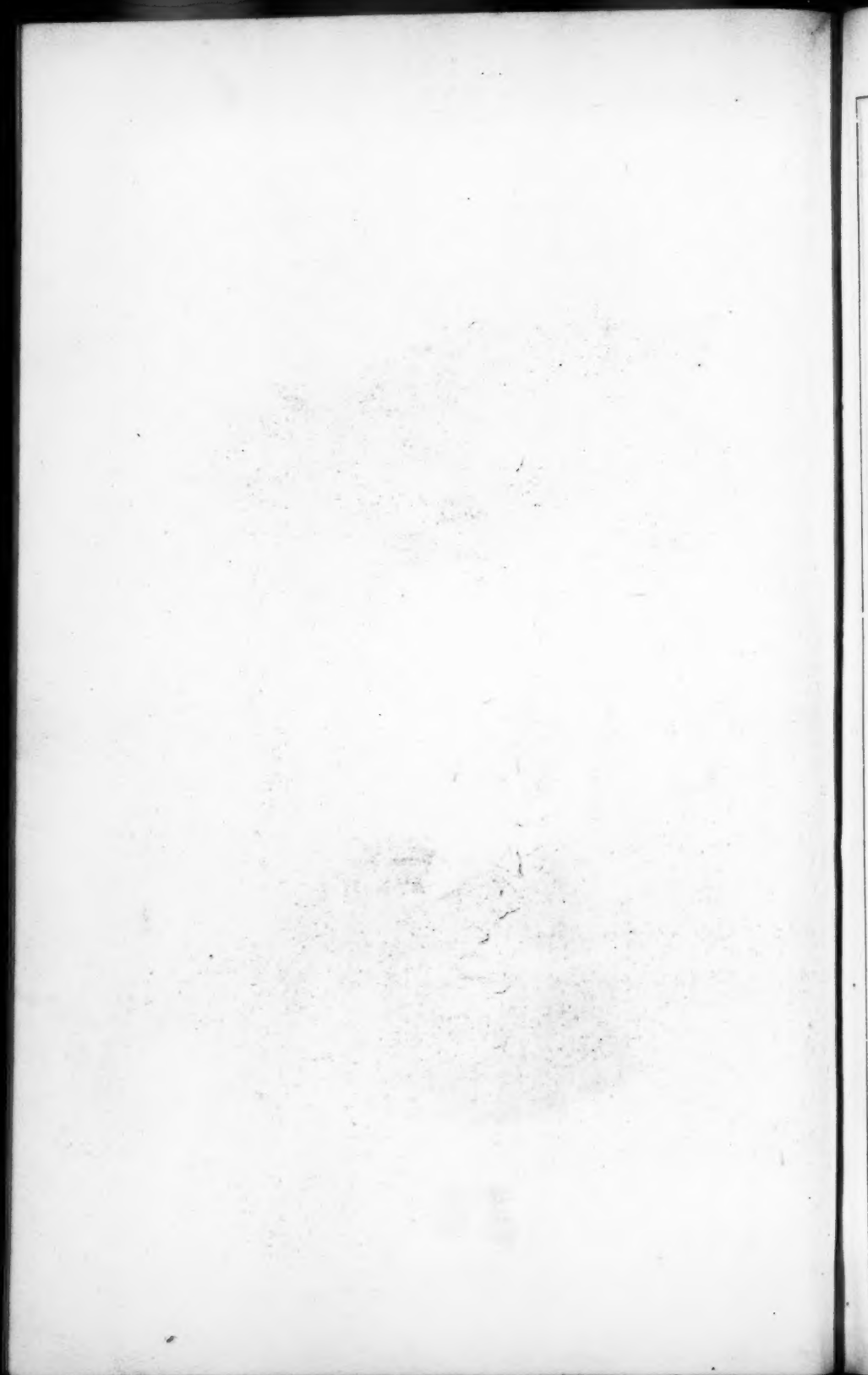
THE MERRY THOUGHT.

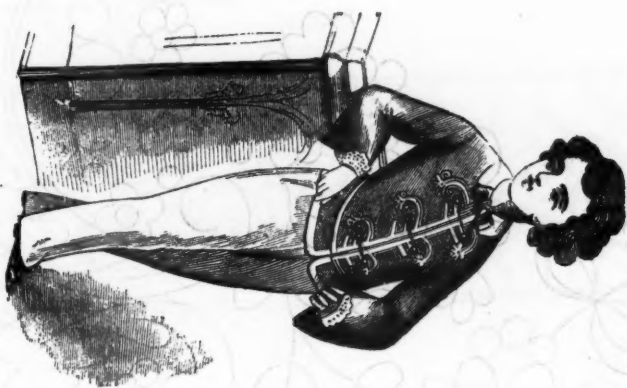




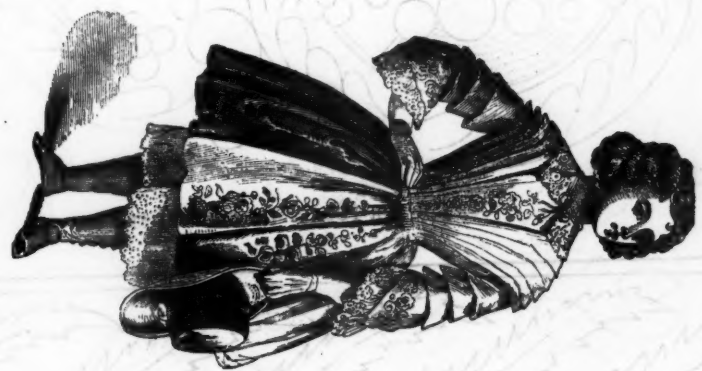
THE MERRY THOUGHT







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



[See Page 321.]



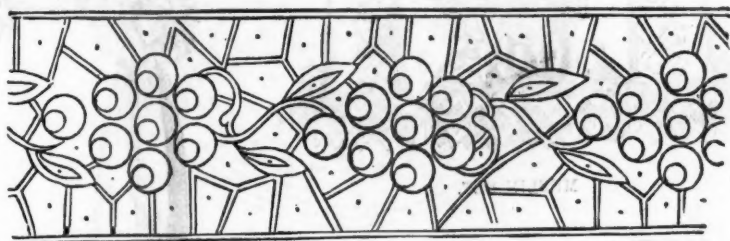
CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



INSERTION.



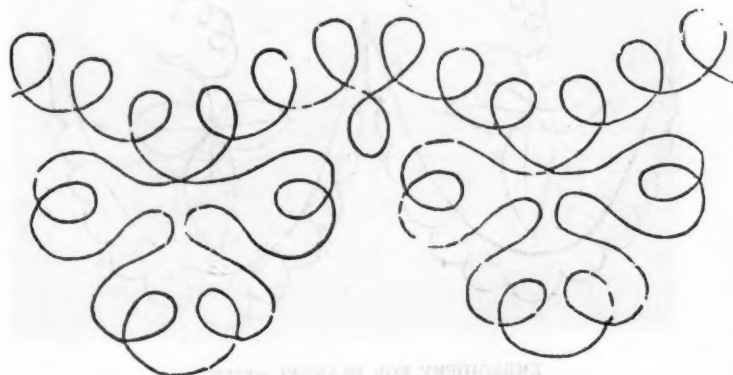
BAND.



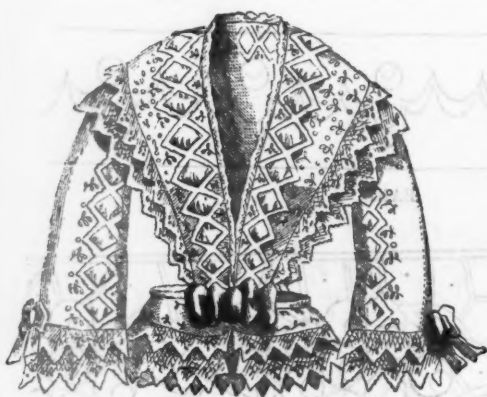
INSERTION.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



MUSLIN SET.

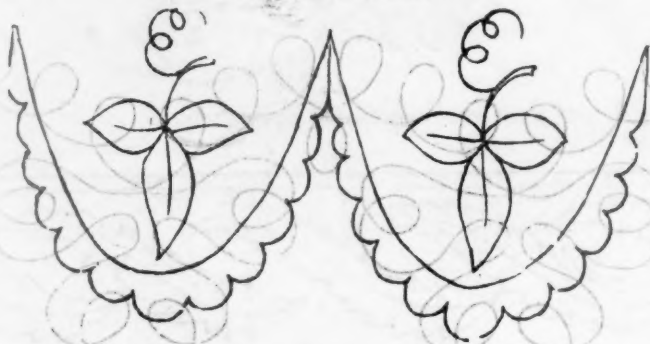


CAP.



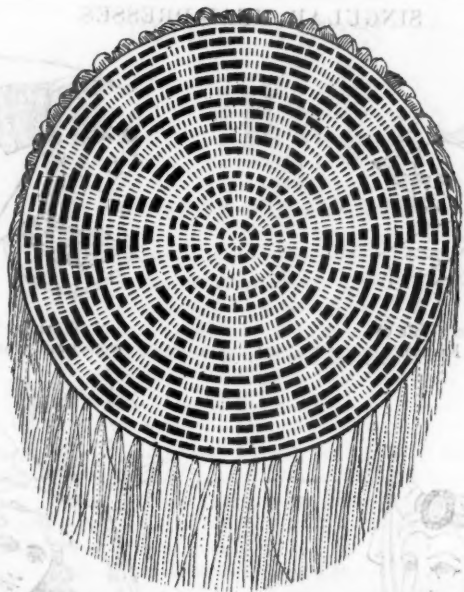
EMBROIDERY FOR END OF CRAVAT.

EMBROIDERY FOR END OF CRAVAT.

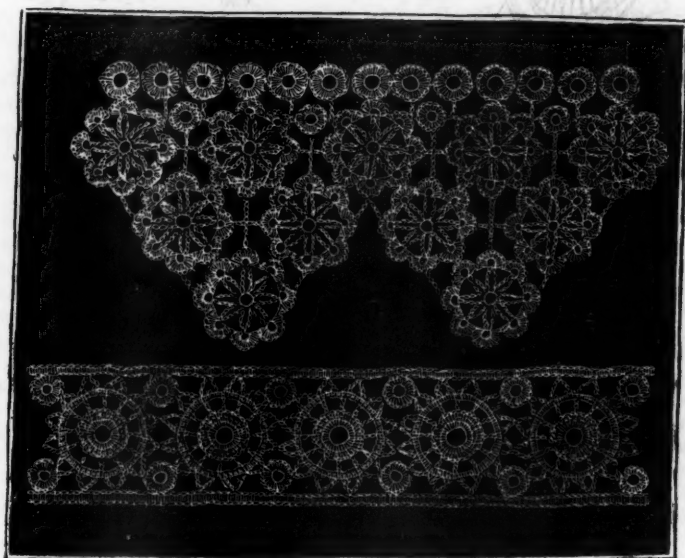


EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



CROCHET TABLE-COVER.



CROCHET LACE AND INSERTING, FOR UNDERSLEEVES.

To be worked in fine cotton.

SINGULAR HEAD-DRESSES.



Worn by Catherine, Wife of
Henry V., of France.



Worn by Lady Anne,
wooded and won of Richard III.



Worn by Queens Mary and Elisabeth.



Worn by Mad. de Genlis.



Caps worn by the peasants in various parts of France.